

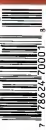
THE FINAL DAYS  
OF PREMIER RAE?

# Maclean's

## CRIME IN CYBERCITY



**THE DARK SIDE OF THE  
INTERNET PROMPTS CALLS  
FOR CENSORSHIP AND  
REGULATION**



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**50** Criminals are moving into the Internet neighborhood. The offenses range from sending hate messages and pornography to stealing information and sabotaging computer systems with data-destroying viruses. The dark side of the Net has prompted calls for laws to regulate and censor what moves across its wires—and Ottawa is considering doing just that.

T2 POTTERINGHAM

**14** With his traditional labor constituency in tatters and his fortunes sailed at third place in the polls, Bob Rae—Ontario's first socialist premier—lacks the verdict of the people as doomsayers pen his political obituary.

**30** As the victors and the vanquished marked the 50th anniversary of the defeat of Nazism in observances around the world, there was a special pangs in the ceremonies in Moscow. There, deeply divided Russians united in paying tribute to their country's unparalleled sacrifice in the Second World War.

A woman in a blue uniform and a man in a military uniform with many medals standing together. The woman is holding a red sash with white text. The man is wearing a dark uniform with numerous medals on his chest. They are both looking towards the camera.

**42** While exploring for diamonds in Labador, prospectors came across one of the largest North American discoveries of copper and nickel in 25 years. That windfall has ignited a mining rush—and it has also resurrected the career of controversial stock promoter Robert Friedland.

BRUCE JACOBSON/GETTY IMAGES



# LETTERS

## 'Chilling thought'

I'm sure that on the same week we celebrated our liberation from the forces of Nazism, you put on your cover a picture of a masked member of the Aryan Nations saluting a flag of a swastika to illustrate the revival of Nazism ("The enemy within," May 11). What a chilling thought for those who fought so valiantly against the enemy without to realize that it may now have become the enemy within.

Barrie Peck,  
North Bedford, Ont.

Your picture of a collar-wearing white supremacist "pauler" in the article "Aryan of the year" greatly disturbed me. As one who, by virtue of calling, education and ordination, wears a clerical collar, I find myself acutely upset when I see someone abusing the symbol and what it represents. Thank you for alerting Canada to the resurgence of white supremacy, especially that done under the guise of so-called Christianity. A faithful interpretation of the Bible could never lead me to espouse such racist views.

Rev. Jeffrey F. Leach,  
Tara, Ont. 30

Your reference to the Christian Heritage Party of Canada in the article concerning the white supremacist movement in British Columbia may leave the false impression that the CHP supports those views. No one who supports racism, hate or violence can call themselves a Christian. The CHP is a grassroots political party whose members are law-abiding citizens, who along with the vast majority of Canadians, are trying to handle their affairs within the constitutional political framework.

Alma Pentimone,  
Horseshell, Ont.

Well, I now know for more than I ever wanted to know about the battery, twisted minds of the extreme right. At that level, extreme right is identical to extreme left: badly brainwashed, ideological slavery, destruction and death.

Ron Carleton,  
Ashburn, B.C.

## Equal importance

I, like a good percentage of your readers, believe that diversity in Northern Canada is important. That means I first start by getting a handle from Alma Fahrenthorn, Goud-



Aryan Nations member: the revival of Nazism

ness knows I do not always agree with him, but I always enjoy him. But Fahrenthorn's recent column concerning strong leadership referred to Ontario as the largest and richest province in Canada and Quebec as the most important ("A search of leadership," May 1). Most pivotal maybe. I like to think we are all important.

With Prg,  
Jana, Ont.

## 'Cruel sport'

I would like to commend Traci Fryer for his daring column on the strictures of thoughtless racism ("A delicate balance in an unsaturated sport," Sports Watch, May 8). This cruel, seasonal sport should not be allowed to continue. Thank you for voicing concerns that many people have had for years.

Alison S. Decker,  
Scarborough, Ont.

## A bleak future

After reading your article "Feeling the heat" (Environment, April 24), about possible fundamental climate change, I am giving more thought to what we are doing, not only to our future, but more important, to that of our children. It looks very bleak to me.

V. McCright,  
Toronto

## Spare the rod?

There are thousands of Canadian parents who practice the disciplinary measure of spanking ("Spanking on trial," Canada, May 8). We don't want that authority taken away from us. We need the freedom to discipline our children in many ways, including the occasional spanking. We must remember that there is a huge difference between child abuse and a spanking. A spanking teaches obedience, and obedience produces respectful, upright, law-abiding people—something that any country should be thankful for.

Joel McClogh,  
Napier, Ont.

As I read with humor and disbelief your article "Spanking on trial," I wondered how and why North America is in such a mess. For the little girl, Rachel Peterson, to be placed out for public viewing on top of a car, exposed nakedly and then spanked by a private caregiver—her own father—in more than I can count. If we did the same to him, how would he feel? Abused? Demoralized? Terrified? All of the above would be my guess. I commend Marlene Timperio, who confronted the father, David Peterson, and then called the police, for her bravery and for standing up for five-year-old Rachel. Maybe David Peterson and his wife, Paula, will think twice about spanking their precious children ever again.

Susan Brookes,  
St. Catharines, Ont.

## 'Fallen nations'

I read your May 1 issue ("No safe place") and cover by the time I turned the final page, an article by Margaret Atwood had descended upon me. I was reminded of something I heard once long ago, that every nation that has fallen has fallen from within. Never have those words rung more true to me than in the wake of the Oklahoma City bombing. It is my fear that we North Americans have fallen, and have no intent of getting up.

Kevin Jolly,  
Campbell River, B.C.

Maclean's solicitors request: stories that others may be affected by should not include names, addresses and telephone numbers. Write letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7. Fax: (416) 593-1233. E-mail: 363.letters@maclean.ca

## Close to home

Your articles on "Victory in Europe" (Special Report, May 13) perpetuate the myth that the Second World War occurred at a distance—in Europe or across the Pacific Ocean. Few Canadian soldiers have close ties to our shores. German submarines sank ships on the St. Lawrence River, coming within 185 miles of Quebec City. The passenger vessel SS Carleton was sunk in the Cabot Strait off Newfoundland. Remembered also are those who lost their lives in the Battle of the St. Lawrence.

Gerald H. Pash,  
Victoria, B.C.

Your coverage of "The war generation" (Cover, April 31) brought back so many memories to those of us who grew up during the Depression years, fought in the Second World War and then helped to build our nation. Most of us learned the value of money during those years and the necessity to save and plan for our retirement without being a burden on government. I feel it is very sad that our generation, which contributed so much to this country, is now being targeted by the government as wealthy because we saved



V-E-Day celebrations in Toronto: it brought back so many memories

and planned for our old age. In retrospect, maybe we should have spent it all and taken back on welfare.

D. J. McKaskren,  
South Bay, Maine, Ont.

## 'Real change'

The picture of the protester spreading smoke in front of the hotel where MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. was holding its annual meeting aptly describes Canada's environmental

movement today ("Protesters target Mac Millan," Business Week, April 24). The movement seems to be dominated by anti-business, anti-profit axioms, whose tactics generate hostility. The forestry companies deserve their bad reputations for past harvesting practices, especially excessive clear-cutting. We are justified in finding these through government regulations, to change those practices. But it is not fair to label these people because they are trying to fulfil our collective demand for more wood products. It is our consumer behavior that we need to change. We desperately need a more

positive approach to environmentalism if we are to achieve real change.

Barbara Wessner,  
Edmonton

## Good luck

As constitutional lawyer Deborah Coyne and news-paper columnist Michael Valpy are getting married ("For better or worse," People, April 24). Good for them. They are not, however, being wed on the Queen's birthday, June 18, as you state. While officially celebrated in June, her actual birth day is on April 21.

June Patterson,  
Ottawa

## Expert advice

I sympathize with Silken Laumann and her teammates for the loss of their gold medal at the Pan Am Games as a result of an innocent mistake ("Laumann's lament," Sports, April 30). I wonder, however, why she did not ask the pharmacist where she purchased the Benetton Deodorant Alloy of the week-

ly issue contained a stain. This stain was not even there on my team. I see Laumann in a TV commercial in which she goes to her local drug pharmacy to borrow a health video from their library or to talk to her pharmacist. Perhaps Laumann should have followed her own advice.

Deanna Yen,  
Toronto

## Dangerous youth

After reading about the tragic deaths of both Alicia Leran and Trevor O'Dell in Edmonton ("Young and dangerous," Canada, April 24), I was in shock that two 15-year-old boys had been charged with the murders. The crimes committed by the youth of today seemed so rare. A crime of this magnitude should be treated as such. The Young Offenders Act must be changed. These kids are literally getting away with murder.

Sonia Perren,  
Winnipeg

## Basic safety

The main photo in your story on babying ("At home on the sea," Backstage, April 17) is potentially misleading. The two women in the kayak are not wearing personal

floatation devices (PFDs). It is there, yet evidence of safety equipment on the boat. As soon as kayaking is becoming so popular, it is essential to recognize basic safety precautions. Canadian Coast Guard regulations outline the minimum required equipment on a small boat as one approved PFD per person, paddle, a whistle and a bailer or manual pump. A kayakist should also carry a spare paddle and paddle float, and an emergency kit containing flares, a chart of the area and a VHF radio in the cockpit.

Myra Simon,  
Alpha Water Adventures Ltd.,  
Port Alberni, B.C.

## Top coverage

Once again, Maclean's shining coverage puts all U.S. magazines to shame. Congratulations on your excellent article "Ice time" (Cover, April 30). Copies have been flying around the States to all American who like the ice.

Elizabeth R. Lahn,  
President, Skating Rink of America,  
Kennesawville, Md.

Maclean's continues readers' interest that letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please supply names, address and daytime telephone number. Write: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5N 1A7. Fax: (416) 596-0750. E-mail: M\_letters@maclean.ca

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# OPENING NOTES

to read. *Prisoner*, a bit like Canadian writer Timothy Findley, recommended the Canadian, Ott.-based author's new novel, *The Prisoner Man's Daughter*. The next day, Goldberg sent over a call-inger to buy 13 additional copies, at \$39 each, at the hardcover book. A publishing industry insider, who asked not to be named, says that institutions have now begun for Goldberg to option the book with the hopes of turning it into another hit movie for the Los Angeles-based writer.

Goldberg, who earned an *Academy Award* for her part in the production of the 1980 movie *Gladi*, actually got her break in another screen adaptation of an acclaimed novel, *The Color Purple* by American author Alice Walker. Spoken words for both Goldberg and *Findley* have dedicated themselves to the state of angst. It's a case of reading between the lines.

**Findley: Goldberg**  
(R) Awarding  
through bookstores



Levy: "It's never quite over."

## A GIFT FROM THE HEAVENS

University convocations can be dull affairs, primarily of benefits to the graduates receiving their degrees and to their immediate families. But last week, Harvard-born David Levy—the amateur astronomer who, with his American partner, Eugene and Carolyn Shoemaker, electrified the scientific world with their 1993 discovery of a comet better if crashed into Jupiter had sunken—popped the ceremony to his feet at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S. Levy, who now teaches Tacoma, Ariz., was on hand to receive an honorary doctorate of science from the university where he earned an undergraduate degree in English literature in 1972. But once again, he surprised university president Markie Ogden by leaving his seat a plumed declaration that a 10-minute ceremony honoring the late between Jupiter and Mars has officially been named Acadia. "Nobody knew about this to be honest," said university spokesman Bruce Gordon. "It seemed quite a bit."

Levy told the school's that Gordon discovered the asteroid in 1992. But a tale as long to name it, he added, because the Minor Planet Center in Cambridge, Mass., the agency that keeps track of such celestial discoveries, is very conservative to granting designations. The center wants to ensure that there have been enough sightings to verify the asteroid's orbit and, as a result, fewer than 1,500 of the millions of rocky remnants from the creation of the solar system 4.6 billion years ago have received permanent names or numbers. Acadia, says Levy, near about three of the Earth's years to the year, and from six-hour days with irregularities making as high as 110° C and as low as -280° C. "It is an awful little," says Levy. "The same thing is often said about universities."

## WRIGHT'S TURN

Already laboring to drag off a history of discrimination against women, golf got a real whinger last week when the old-boy attitudes are still alive at the McDonald-Lucas Championship in Wilmington, Del. It got analyst Ben Wright was quoted by a local newspaper as saying the

**Wright: did he say it?**



## A BIPARTISAN COMING OUT

It was a night for bipartisan speech-making and heartfelt thanks to political enemies. Last week, the N.S. Second Republican and Paul Manafort of the Blue Coalition moved up to address 300 members of the Assembly, an organization of pro-professional men in Toronto. Robison, who openly announced his homosexuality in 1989, publicly criticized in anti-gay rights crusader Rosemarie Stokely, a Nova Scotia Liberal MP. "She is single-handedly responsible," he said, "the doubling the number of out gay members of Parliament." Robison was referring to Stokely's staid opposition last November to justice Minister Allan Rock's declared intention to accept the human rights code to protect gay and lesbian. Argued by Stokely's remarks, Manafort publicly pronounced the following day that he, too, a gay, Robison expressed hope that more federal politicians come out, insisting: "There is certainly no shortage of candidates on the list." For his part, Manafort is termed to the order of hour that they are straightening and going.



Manafort: "No choice"

For instance, he said that there are 50 statutes prohibiting people in conservative relationships that do not apply to same-sex couples. Then, speaking of his close relationship with his twin brother, Rose, he noted that the two are identical "except that he has all the characteristics of a heterosexual person." "Praying, to be sure, was a broad gift and added? It's not my fault—it was his choice."

**Robison: doubtful**

**Also by Barbara Wickham**

## BEST-SELLERS

### FICTION

1. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
2. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
3. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
4. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
5. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
6. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
7. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
8. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
9. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)
10. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)

11. *The Firm* by John Grisham, Doubt (H&N)

### NONFICTION

1. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
2. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
3. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
4. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
5. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
6. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
7. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
8. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
9. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)
10. *Shocking the Pope*, Louis Menand (H&N)

Compiled by Susan Schwab

# PASSAGES

**SENTENCED** Trans-sensory writer and singer George Bush, 40, of Woodbury, N.J., was sentenced to 10 years in prison for attacking an on-air critic (p. 28) by Ontario Court Judge Charles Day, Oct. 10. A jury had found Bush guilty of performing a so-called hate-rock song called "Bohemia" (for sexual hulk) and with a racist message, guilty of assaulting demonstrator Africa Beckman during an altercation in Ontario, Beckman, then 23, left in the pavement as she was trying to flee and find her own brother and lost consciousness when she was kicked in the face.



**DIED** Retired corporate lawyer John Bush, 75, a former Liberal senator and the lieutenant governor of Ontario from 1984 to 1989, died in a Toronto hospital, after a lengthy illness. Bush was married to a woman, the holder of a 15 honorary degrees, honorary colonel of two regiments and a lieutenant during the Second World War in the Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer Reserve.

**NOMINATED** Show Boat, a British musical, was named by Toronto-based Canada's Music Awards, Broadway's annual honors. Only *Show Boat*, nominated for nine awards and with two others already won as the sole contender in those categories, did as well as what is generally seen as the dominant musical season in Broadway history.

**DIVORCED** Hollywood actors Mel Gibson, 37, and Don Johnson, 40, who first married in 1993, divorced one year later and then remarried in 1998. They have a five-year-old daughter, Isabella.

**SOLD** Middlesex House, the 18th-century country house of Prince Charles's close friend Caroline Parker Bowles, to Park Place developer Mel Munson, for \$2.8 million. The house, with parker's cottage and stables in Cambridge, 150 km west of London, was sold in a divorce settlement between Charles, who has married a long-suffering wife, and her army lawyer husband Andrew.

**CHARGED** Hollywood actor Gary Busey, 50, with possessing cocaine, marijuana and the hallucinogenic PCP, and with being under the influence of PCP, after leaving a Los Angeles hospital where he was treated for an overdose of cocaine. Busey was an Oscar for his role in *The Badly Bled* (1976).

## WHOOPI'S FIND

Actress Whoopi Goldberg has a reputation for taking her own career choices—and taking nearly any job. But last week in Toronto, where she is currently filming director Norman Jewison's comedy fantasy *Boyz n the City*, Goldberg asked for advice and got more than she bargained for. A brown book lover, Goldberg has been seen traveling to many bookstores throughout the city. At a recent book store, she asked clerk Scott Fraser whether he could suggest a book for her.

## FRANK SINATRA DID IT HIS WAY

When Canadian townies John Patton was bought under Frank Sinatra's \$100-a-week salary, it was for more than a song. Patton paid about the same price of \$6.4 million. And in getting with the latest, 25-year-old son of a Frank Sinatra Jr., *Of the Boys* did it his way. But Patton says a confidentiality disclosure statement, "I can't really discuss it, other than to confirm it happened," says Patton, 66, 5'11", the former Vancouver bus salesman who turned an automobile dealership into a successful company, did get one thing he really wanted: the singer's name. Old-style model car collection, an investor deal for an undisclosed sum. The house (it also includes most of the furnishings, except for works of art).

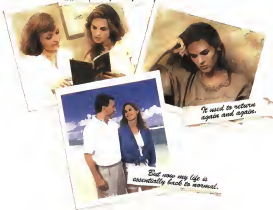


Patton's new house in Palm Springs, Arizona

built in the 1950s for a frequent guest—the late U.S. president John Kennedy. John Patton, a local writer for the Palm Springs Desert News newspaper, says the purchase price was high by local standards. But, he adds, "Patton bought a museum piece, including for many that Frank played New York, New York on a frequent basis." That's the

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## ANOTHER VIEW



# The sign of mean times

BY CHARLES GORDON

Ontario's garden-spread flowers, and the towns around them, are political signs in favour of a provincial election scheduled for June. At least, they are probably political signs. These days, it is not always easy to know.

There are long red signs with the word Liberal quite prominently displayed so it is possible to infer that the blue signs on many highways are probably Conservative and those neon-orange ones are probably NDP. Indeed, if you look closely under the large letters of somebody's name on some of them, you can see some strange words—"New Democrats."

And on the blue signs, at the bottom right corner, there is a logo of some kind, of the type that might adorn a supermarket's store-brand name. Memories of Ralph Klein, it could be. On the other hand, it could be the PC logo, signifying the party of the rather conservative Mike Harris.

In other times, summer signs for politicians and political parties, either the party's name or the leader's name would figure prominently on these lawn signs. The party might decide—as Ontario's Tories did under Bill Davis—that the leader was more popular than the party. So the signs would feature "The Davis Team." Or a party might decide to low-brow the leader, as they say, and play up the party identification. But one or the other, at least—the leader or the party—was prominent. In today's case, the signs for two of Ontario's three major political parties can't be said to feature either.

What does this mean? It is too easy to blame it, entirely, on the reputation of Bob Rae or Mike Harris, or Rae's party, or Harris'. What it may mean, however, is that the party running election campaigns figures that what a taxpayer's politics are—what explains the undetermined quality of the signs. Take a typical provincial voter: like us, willing along the street and sees a sign urging her to support SMITH. It's a nice blue sign

and SMITH is a nice enough person, or at least a nice enough name. But something is nagging at her and suddenly it hits. "Wait a second," she mutters. "This seems odd, it hasn't got anything to do with politics, has it?" After that, it is lost, the parties must think.

The only way to prevent that is to make the name of the party as small as the law allows, keep the name of the leader off it entirely and hope for the best. Maybe people will look at the signs and think they mean a lot of lawn care have just been sprayed with pesticides.

Of course, it doesn't bode particularly well for our democracy if political parties try not to be political parties because they are afraid people don't like political parties. And it doesn't bode well for our democracy if the people blame all their troubles on politics—instead of, to take an extreme example, their selves—and refuse to involve themselves in anything that smacks of political activity.

But this is the way things have been going for more than a decade. Politicians are loath to step on the grounds of not being real politicians, of not knowing much about how law works and not being interested either. Look at the success of Ronald Reagan and

Prenton Manning. Behind the scenes, it is the sign that politics is the most tedious of professions—less than business, or banking, or the law, or even journalism—and that if you are not a professional politician you are somehow naturally superior to those who are. It would be amazing to find out where this idea came from.

Clearly, it is not true. Some of our most effective leaders, the people who accomplished the most, have been people steeped in the political arts. Think of MacKenzie King, Bill Davis, Tommy Douglas. And some of the people who have done the least good have been well-instructed political signers. Think of Reagan. And think of the unimpressive performance in Ontario of Prenton Manning's Reform crew. Surely they would have been better able to serve those who put their trust in them if they made the effort to learn the signs a bit.

As for all the damage politicians and political parties have allegedly done, they did not create the recession, nor the worldwide trend towards merger and downsizing that have cost us so many jobs and so much hope. This came from global economic events.

Nor did the politicians create the inner-city and suburban suburban with group interests that prevents anyone from acting in the national interest. That came from us.

True, the political parties could have worked against that. With some courage, they could have provoked our major groups to coal and to compromise occasionally, by and large, politicians have refused to try that. Instead, they have played one group off against another. The result is a political system in which the politicians are afraid to act, and the people either react on the streets or sign themselves into single-issue interest groups, with their hands out, saying, "My way or the highway."

None of which means that politics is not an honorable profession or that political parties shouldn't be proud to have their names prominently displayed on signs. Doctors don't take the time for the same kind of signs, or lawyers for the existence of law-breakers, or ministers for the existence of sin. As for corruption, which is known to exist at all political levels, it is also known to exist in other walks of life. Yet it is for politicians—especially politicians.

In trying to understand why that is, we can also wonder why the word Liberal is as big on these other signs. It must also have something to do with the continued popularity of the federal Liberals under Jean Chrétien. Despite everything—and there is quite a lot of everything—people like him. Citizens and his government. Somehow, the people are willing to forgive the fact that this particular government is composed of politicians and Chrétien is one himself.

Chrétien is just the point where he believes solely from the fact that he is not Brian Mulroney. He says he is not Brian Mulroney... well, call it a second time, he should bottle it so that others, who have to put their affiliation on the signs, can study what it is.



# THE FINAL DAZE?

BY MARCI McDONALD

In a Lakeside, a posh-pleasant village of 3,400 near Peterborough, Ont., snow had made a belated appearance on the same day that Bob Rae's campaign had rolled into town. Beneath a sky of unrelieved blue, provincial Agriculture Minister Elmer Bechoom and a clutch of New Democratic Party faithful waited in the afternoon sun to greet the premier for a little Main Street as a friendly territory—at least territory presumed friendly enough to have been hand-picked for housing on the nightly news. But Rae had scarcely set foot on the sidewalk when the first political storm clouds blew in.

Outside Lakeside Flowers, Phil Hobbs, a local craftsman hooked off the heckling. "I want to know what more lies are going to be told," he yelled over the crowd. As the premier moved up the block, doggerly shaking hands and exchanging words with enthusiastic difference, he diagnosed old altercations with the same determined calm that he ignored the "Stop Rae" signs strung along shop windows. For Rae, glad-handing was clearly a painful rite. But detouring into the drug store, he found his attempts to drum up small talk falling usually flat as pharmacist Bob Mowenbush. "He's had 45 years and nothing's changed," Mowenbush earlier. Rae had stated his claim as the defender of the provincial health-care system—the contraption of his own pains. But now aides steered him quickly past the Lakeside Clinic where a physician's hand-scrubbed sign in red ink on the door warned patients: "If the New Democratic Party is re-elected in Ontario, the clinic will be closed permanently." As if that were not healthy enough, Rae had just revealed the latest in his cottage secure for an emergency news conference as a doctor cop lowered out his car window to share his sentiments: "Bob Rae," he bellowed, "so full of s---, his eyes are brown."

For other politicians, that hapless encounter with small-town Ontario might have signalled a public relations disaster. But for Rae, it was a day like no many others in a lifetime, and so the incident, complete with that accused anti-semitic disregard to prove right those disbelievers who were already among his political opponents. Across the province, his traditional loyal constituency lay in tatters, and dozens of his former confidants were sitting out the election, still unable to forgive Ontario's first socialist premier for betraying the fundamental principle of collective bargaining by renouncing his Social Contract—wages rolled back the wages of public-sector workers over three years—even the unions' threats. Across the country, many NDP members were equally bitter, blaming Rae for the party's decline in the last federal vote. With his fortunes ebbing at third place in the polls, well behind Liberal Leader Lyn McLeod and the Conservatives' Mike Harris—and even his own wife Toronto was in jeopardy—perhaps he was no longer surprising Rae for the job that had once seemed his for the taking, taking over from Audrey McLaughlin in the NDP's coming national leadership bid. Indeed, for the party's decline, wonderland, door after door suddenly seemed to have slammed closed. As Graham Murray, a former NDP member



who now publishes a Queen's Park newsletter, summed up the prevailing wisdom: "I think Bob Rae's political career is dead for the foreseeable future."

Sill, for a 49-year-old facing such bleak prospects, Rae seemed curiously serene. In fact, an uncharacteristically laid-back he appeared that some Queen's Park reporters had taken to speculating that he was resigned to his fate—that maybe Bob Rae really wound out, after all. But close friends denied that notion, never before had they seen him so taken with a job, they insisted. No, as Rae had confirmed months earlier, his equanimity came from the fact that he had already been through far darker days. "People were calling for my head in 1985 and 1987," he told *Maclean's*. "I never believed things were as good as people said or as bad as they said. Triumph or disaster are opposites."

In fact, never had Rae been so deviously written off than in the months leading up to his election five years ago. Genuinely emerging from a depression after his young brother's death last cancer, he had been on the verge of quitting for a run at the federal leadership, only to find that prospect greeted with unanticipated hostility. "I just said to myself 'What needs 69'?" he recalls. "I'm going to finish the job here—get a million votes, 30 seats—and leave with my head held high." So seriously did he contemplate howling out before the 1990 vote that he was already exploring other employment options

says. "You learn not to get wrapped by paper, to say no. You're going to get crucified, whatever you do."

But for months after he came to power, the new premier was filled with his apparent paralysis. Cabinet critics ruminated on political hang-in limbo. "What was bad was getting used to all the lullabies of government," sneered Attorney General Marion Boyd. "And then we didn't know what else—just took a long time to be a team." As a succession of ministerial scandals shook the cabinet, some argued that even spirit never did take hold. Rae counters that argument. "People judged at by a different set of standards." But they were standards he himself had set. And supporters were alienated by his reluctance in breaking with some unscrupulous. "The hardest lesson to deal with are the people issues," Rae admits, "people's errors in judgment."

But for some insiders, people issues would remain the Achilles' heel of a leader who could elude a crowd with a smile in his hand, but who seemed to have trouble making conversation with anyone but a top band of unreluctantly sketched friends. "He's a very private person," says one former staffer. "He's compassionate, but he's a companion hard to share. He can be very charming if you're sick or you've had a death in the family. But otherwise, he doesn't seem to know what to say. And he takes really very hard." At a time when compliments were few and far between, Rae—sad and even more so his wife—

## Ontario's first socialist premier, having alienated his traditional constituency, is about to face the verdict of the people

"We'd sit around and fantasize about what we'd do afterward," confessed his wife, Anne Marie Rae. "He said, 'I want to know with dignity.'" Then on September 6, 1990, the man who had plotted his own final hours on stage at an unexpected victory party—the "accidental premier."

So unmanageable was Rae's wish that, when he arrived at Queen's Park, he was bottled in and out screens clashing his party's elegant campaign platform, the People's Agenda. Written heavily by his own strategists, the document was the content of his last-laid-out approach. "We didn't think we had a hope in hell of winning," admitted Carol Phillips, Rae's wife, who became Rae's first director of public appointments. "So we just went for broke." When she and others found bureaucrats poring over copies of the People's Agenda as a blueprint for the term to come, they gathered down on quickly. Says Phillips: "We were still they'd take it too seriously."

Now, as disenchanted NDPers ponder what went wrong with a government far which they held such high hopes, some point to these first bewildering days in power when decades of rhetoric idealism collided with the grim realities of governance. Rae appeared to have been to play the wot in public. And friends watched in dismay as his idealistic torch turned inward beneath the weary and the over-zealous of paperwork he struggled back with each night, wrestling with the worst decision to let the province since the Great Depression. "I don't read all my briefing notes any more," he

took to snuffing old political friends who had dared criticize them in print. And recently, when a Toronto politician spurned a personal invitation to run as a party candidate, he was stunned to find himself being asked to sit on a long-term long-term from the premier.

Resigned by a hostile business community on one side and alarmingly disoriented socialists as the other, Rae recoiled into what some characterize as a bunker mentality. And while 16 months of his election, the chaos of disorganized transition from his office was reaching crisis proportions. Some left disturbed by his indecisive management style. "It was part of his top 67 admitted one mistake. 'And so we were really concerned about anything he was going to do. This was all top-down government.'"

But for others, disenchanted was not when he chose his first anniversary in office to renounce on the NDP's promise of public auto insurance. Research had shown that the plan would have raised premiums and provoked job losses at a time when provincial unemployment was already hitting 20.5 per cent. But for many in the party, that debacle represented Rae's first breach of faith. "I remember going to Canadian Auto Workers conventions afterward and seeing the breakdown workers," Phillips said. "For them, auto insurance was a symbol of how a social democratic government would be different. And when it didn't work out, he didn't replace it with another symbol."

In fact, his government introduced a host of measures to placate the party faithful—rhetoric among them the auto wage legislation that McLeod and Harris are now effectively promising to kill. And in 1991, when business threatened to shut down Niagara Steel in South St.



he would later publicly uphold

his friend as an open letter after the Social Contract two years ago. But as impressed was university president Claude Bourin that he later made a donation to Bloc's first political campaign. And another anonymity figure from those days would reappear to counsel him as premier: former Tory premier William Dand, who first met Rae as education minister. "We were always able to chat to one another," Dand acknowledges. "There was a relationship there that would surprise people who think that politicians are always in adversarial positions."

After graduation, Rae followed Langlois into the NDP, a cause that some observers deem as much a role model against his family as a political statement. His older brother, who was baffled over tactics and politics, had already taken a job as executive assistant to Jean Chrétien, whose 1990 election victory he would also challenge. But Rae always wanted to go up the tough side of the mountain, says Watson. "The easiest way would have been to go into Liberal politics like everybody else. The hard way was to go up the back side of the Maritimes—so join the NDP. That way, his success was that much sweeter."

Even when he won a Rhodes Scholarship to Sydney, Rae received a confused reaction in his town. He was quickly criticized by Bremer and Sidney Webb, the founders of the Union movement—and the modern British Labour Party. And after another identity crisis—a virtual nervous breakdown in which he grappled with whether to become an academic or an activist—he returned back home to study law and again on briefly as counsel to the new baronet. Then within six months of graduation, he had a seat in Parliament where, on the strength of three economics courses, he dished Ottawa as the NDP's finance chief. Unconvinced, ill at ease and often grumpy looking, the man who in many ways seemed entirely unsuited to be a politician proved a master of the 60-second sound bite and an accomplished converser with the media.

For Rae, these four years on the federal scene were his most difficult. He was already regarded as a successor to NDP Leader Ed Broadbent when Stephen Leveson persuaded him to take over the Ontario party. It was a move that once Miriam Perle Rae viewed warily. "I thought his arena was a larger arena," she says. Now, politics feel a lot different that, even as this provincial re-election

## PROFILE

campaigns, Rae has staked out a place on the national stage, essentially ranking as a leader of the opposition against Chrétien and his cronies of Canadian health and social services. In fact, his party's fate on June 8 is being watched as a bellwether of the NDP's federal fortunes. "If Rae does win, it will prove he was right to break with much of what the NDP is about," Watson says. "It became more centrist and mainstream—a sort of new liberal party. If he's completely wiped out, it provides tremendous confusion for the federal party."

Whatever happens, even his most bitter critics are not discounting Bob Rae, who on the eve of a key televised debate three weeks before the vote—a debate on politics—reunited an unlikely trio: Rae, including his wife, put it down to having kicked his doctors and taken his jumps. "I thought I

Andrew, Lisa, Judith, Eleanor and Bob. "We'd sit around and talk about what we'd do if we won."



**"Bob always wanted to go up the tough side of the mountain"**

would live my whole life with a man who had never gotten the chance to be in power," she says. "Now, whatever happens, he has been premier." Others, like his close friend Michael Ignatieff, a London-based writer, point out that Rae plays tennis as the more disarming style plodding, cautious and unassuming. He seems so threat on the court until his opponents suddenly discover he has won.

But at last season's Democratic Round once predicted, Rae turns out to be a one-term socialist premier, a clue to his conservative enigma at the end of an interview when a reporter asks him what history work he is doing. "For a man who one quote George Orwell or Reinhold Niebuhr," with his wife, Alice, and their three children, Rae is a man who one quote George Orwell or Reinhold Niebuhr. "I've seen on the campaign plane, his answer is a surprising one: it is the archetypal English schoolboy's game, Rudyard Kipling's. It, which has counselled generations of right-thinking young men to make the best of whatever life delivers them."

## The real battle gets under way

Three leaders left McLeod had been smoother days since the race for Ontario's June 8 election began. One right had week, the campaign front-runner was scheduled to address a party fund-raiser in north and Toronto. But McLeod's appearance was postponed for almost two hours because of an unexpected crisis. While her audience waited, McLeod told reporters in a hotel basement that her party was running a late-night candidate in the Ontario election of Ontario. His name: Mohamed Bessy. His offense: writing a biopic book full of slurs against the Roman Catholic Church, the Pope and Western women. "These statements are unacceptable to me," declared McLeod.

The 450 Liberal supporters who paid \$200 each for a seat at the dinner did not seem to mind the delay, chewing heavily when told and finally delivered her speech. She called New Democratic Premier Bob Rae "just a little cynical and hypocritical" for \$1.2 billion in pre-election spending by his government, and dismissed Conservative Leader Mike Harris's plan to balance Ontario's budget and slash government income tax rates by 30 per cent as "risky."

Harris, meanwhile, made welfare reform his theme. He charged that NDP and Liberal governments were responsible for driving up the province's annual welfare costs from \$1.2 billion to \$6.8 billion during the past ten years. Among other things, Harris vowed to reduce welfare benefits from the current level of 35 per cent above the national average to 10 per cent above average, and to eliminate subsidized housing and welfare payments for 16- and 31-year-olds who leave home. Harris also promised to scrap \$250 million in direct government grants to businesses.

But it is the view of one veteran NDP organizer, who requested anonymity, rather than any other issue had caught fire with Ontarians as of last week. Indeed, a poll of 1,200 voters conducted by Environics Research Group Ltd. during the first 10 days of the campaign showed that each party's support was roughly the same as before the election call: Liberals 52 per cent, Conservatives, 35 per cent, with 17 per cent for Rae's NDP. The New Democrat organizer, who has presided over several rising campaigns during the past two decades, was also highly critical of Rae and his party's headquarters for not pulling up over winners with organized labor. "If the central campaign, by some strange miracle or accident, really started doing something right, we could even hang on to a minority government," he said.

This week will be crucial for all parties. On May 17, they will unleash hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of radio, television and print advertising. Then the following morning, Paul Harris and McLeod will square off for their only face-to-face debate of the campaign—on live television. Declared John Wright, a pollster with Angus Reid Group, "That should start to shake things loose."

PAUL KAPLAN

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# A judge on the hot seat

Even before the first witness is sworn in, the murder trial of Paul Bernardo has offered plenty of potential for judicial nuances and mistakes. Crown and defence lawyers have argued over the admissibility of prosecution evidence and the calling of some witnesses. The CBC wanted to televise the proceedings, and the families of the victims, two southern Ontario schoolgirls who were allegedly kidnapped, confined and sexually assaulted before being murdered, have argued against showing videotape evidence to the public and the media. While a jury of eight men and four women will determine Bernardo's guilt or innocence, the presiding judge, Justice Patrick LeSage, must resolve these and other issues, precisely without making a mistake that could lead to a successful appeal. And within the legal community of Toronto, where the case is being heard, LeSage is regarded as one of the most precise to be a sensational and shocking trial. "Nothing will get him rattled," says Barker Dornan, a civil litigation lawyer with Lang Michener, one of the city's biggest law firms, and a longtime friend of LeSage. "He's serious."

Legal professionals who have observed him over the years say the 58-year-old judge runs his courtroom with the grace of a diplomat and the will of a general. That has been evident throughout the Bernardo trial, which began in the absence of a jury last May in St. Catharines, Ont., the city where the murders of Kristen French and Leslie Mahoney occurred. He has firmly but politely urged lawyers to keep their arguments concise, allowing jury selection to begin on May 1, according to his schedule, and giving the Crown's opening statement for no later than May 23, and possibly as early as May 18. More important, he has a reputation for being very knowledgeable about the law, and impeccably fair to both the Crown and defence—qualities that may prove critical as the Bernardo trial becomes highly legal as everyone expects that the living side will undoubtedly include grounds for appeal.

Although his career spans 30 years and he brings extensive experience to the trial, LeSage never sought a high profile as a judge or, before that, as a lawyer. A native of Tweed, Ont., a village of 1,200 people 280 km west of Ottawa, he studied commerce at the University of Ottawa and worked briefly as

*His colleagues say Patrick LeSage is ideal for the Paul Bernardo murder trial*



LeSage: impeccably fair to both sides

an accountant in his family's fuel-oil business before entering Osgoode Hall Law School in Toronto in 1958. LeSage attended with a Toronto law firm, and began his career relatively modestly by defending motorists charged with traffic offences such as speed limit and careless driving.

After being called to the bar in 1963, LeSage became an assistant Crown attorney in Toronto, by 1972, he had been named director of Crown attorneys for the province. Three years later, he was named a county and district judge. He has since moved up the judicial ladder, becoming associate chief justice of the district court of Ontario. Currently, LeSage is the number 2 criminal trial judge in the province, behind Chief Justice Roy McMurtry.

As a Crown attorney, LeSage acquired a

reputation for skillfully prosecuting complex white-collar crime cases. According to Dornan, he often relied on his experience as a cooperator student and apprentice accountant to look for evidence of fraud. He also prosecuted more than two dozen murder cases before becoming a judge, though none was particularly celebrated or notorious.

One of his first murder trials as a judge, however, attracted considerable attention in southern Ontario because the defendants were both teenagers, from Burlington, Ont., and one was a young offender when the crime was committed. They were convicted of kidnapping to death a 16-year-old department store employee and father of four. Apart from the publicity surrounding the trial, LeSage had to make a number of difficult rulings on the use of psychiatric evidence. "By the time the case was over," recalls Wilton Threlkeld, the Toronto lawyer who represented one of the youths, "you would have thought he had conducted more murder trials than any other judge."

Among lawyers who have argued cases before LeSage, not those who remember him as a Crown attorney, almost all have favourable impressions. They note that he is patient, courteous and above all, fair. "We were against each other a lot when he was a Crown," says Toronto defence lawyer Clayton Riley, a prominent human-rights advocate and frequent critic of the judiciary. "He always stated the Crown's position reasonably. He never tried to humiliate anybody. He was one of the few Crown attorneys you could confide in as a defendant's opponent as a judge; they're accustomed in great distress and most are not impartial. Generally, they become conviction-riddled judges. He never shakes his going to single-handedly clear the community of crime."

LeSage is also highly respected by fellow judges, says Justice James Gauthier, a longtime colleague who sits in Milton, Ont., about 32 km west of Toronto. Other judges frequently consult him before starting difficult cases, and he often entertains judges from across the province who are visiting Toronto. LeSage has lived on the same quiet, tree-lined street at an upper middle-class neighborhood for more than 20 years with his wife, Carol, a former nurse. They have two sons, John and Peter, both in their 30s. Friends and associates say that LeSage has few interests outside his family and the law. And his interest in the law is likely to become all-consuming over the next few months as he presides over the most sensational trial of his career.

DANIEL JENNIN



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## CANADA

# Budgeting for the sovereignty of Quebec

In a major break with tradition, Quebec Premier Jean Charest, blue-chip investor, declined to purchase new shares to present the Parti Québécois' government's much anticipated first budget last week. But the document he tabled in the province's national assembly as he stood in a pair of worn, presumably comfortable, black overalls did not desert in any major way from the government's governing mantra. "This budget illustrates why the federal system has become unacceptable," he declared, according to a lecture a library of consultants about Quebec's economic "waste and inefficiency" it would be "disastrous," he said, for Quebec to remain "trapped in the dead end" of federalism. And in

the trade unions, the artistic community, the Quebec City-based civil service and the outgoing province was showered with budgetary gifts—including \$86 million for 15 regional development funds, and a \$5-million tax break for a new union-sponsored investment fund. Sovereignty's opponents, particularly



Charest in the national assembly 'not blockading'

note, however, stressed the point, he said the spectre of spare taxes and lower services if Quebec's voters permit an ongoing independence drive. "It's not blockading," Charest insisted. "It's facts."

Despite the disclaimers, Charest's budget was highly political. It amounted to another salvo in the up-tight campaign to seal separation to a proposition that continues to demonstrate a marked reluctance to buy into the central concept in the PQ government's program. While Charest nodded in the direction of way credit-line agencies by lowering the deficit from \$5.7 billion in 1994-1995 fiscal year to a projected \$3.9 billion for 1995-1996, he also clearly showed that the government's goal is based on the referendum now widely anticipated by next autumn. Sovereignty's supporters on the far left and in

big business, were displeased. The budget cut for \$600 million in new corporate payroll and capital taxes. But the most widely criticized move of all involved a planned single-percentage-point increase in the provincial sales tax. Charest said that if Quebec remains part of Canada, he will have no alternative but to raise the sales tax from 6.6 per cent to 7.6 per cent on July 1, 1996. Charest's attempt to draw a direct link between sovereignty and the planned tax increase provoked an almost instantaneous

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opinion. "It's fiscal blackmail," charged provincial Liberal finance critic André Bouchette, blaming the projected hike to a two-on-a-No vote in the coming referendum. Federalists in Ottawa picked up the theme: "Quebecers are not going to react well to threats," said Finance Minister Paul Martin, while Labor Minister Lucienne Robitaille, who is in charge of Ottawa's referendum strategy, labelled the manoeuvre "an insult to the intelligence of Quebec voters." Back in the federal assembly, Liberal Opposition leader Daniel Johnson repeatedly challenged Carpeau to clarify his remarks. "By rough, but play fair," Johnson said during the budget debate. "Now that he's said he'll punish Quebecers who vote No, could he please tell us how he'll reward those for voting Yes?"

Carpeau, however, refused to be drawn. He continued to insist that the sales tax increase, which would raise an additional \$875 million a year, is necessary to fill the gap left by the federal government's cuts to transfer payments announced in Martin's budget last February. And Carpeau denied that there were any threats in his budget, rather direct or implied. "I'm not telling people to vote Yes or No," he said. But at the same time, he stubbornly refused all efforts to pressure him into categorically stating that the sales tax would not climb in the event that Quebec does manage to secede. "This was a budget of a province inside Confederation,"

he told reporters. "If we stay in the federation, taxes rise. It's inevitable."

For the moment, however, taxes will remain stable this year for almost every sector of Quebec society made from the major corporations, a sign that the government wants to alienate as few voters as possible in advance of a referendum. "Obviously, companies don't vote," remarked Glenford Dufour, president of the *Association fédérale* of employers' association, the *Casse* du

commerce and industry. Carpeau's budget forecasts that spending will rise by \$284 million to 1995-1996 to \$424 billion. Revenues too, are expected to climb, rising by an additional \$284 million to \$424 billion. The key question for Carpeau is whether the resulting deficit of \$550 million will be low enough to persuade the angry New York City-based agency—Moody's Investors Service Inc. and Standard & Poor's Corp.—to maintain the province's current *Aaa* rating.

Among the experts, opinion was divided late last week. "The budget is certainly not austere," said Peter Ptas of the New York investment house Salomon Bros. "But the reduction in the deficit is a move in the right direction, and it is much on the same target set by the previous Liberal government, so I think Moody's and S&P will maintain their ratings over the medium term." But undercurrent. New York investment banker Robert Kishner predicted "a performance downgrade, maybe a notch, simply because Carpeau did not cut spending and he himself has admitted that taxes are going to increase." It will be several weeks before either rating agency plans to issue a judgement on the budget. As for Quebec's voters, they will likely have to wait a referendum before they have a chance to pass a verdict on their government.

BARRY CRANE in Montreal

## 'The budget hammers business. It is designed for the referendum.'

Protest, Dalour denied Carpeau's intention of new corporate taxes, expected to raise an additional \$1 billion by the end of 1997. "The budget hammers business," he complained. "It is obviously designed for the referendum."

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CANADA

# No place to hide

*Personal privacy is one of the casualties at the racy Marilyn Tan trial*

He is a wealthy person who makes his living investing money on behalf of other wealthy people. In certain such circumstances is a valued commodity. And so it came as no surprise that when Bruce Sanson, chairman of Edmonton-based Managed Investments Ltd., was called to appear at the increasingly notorious trial of Marilyn Tan—an ex-model accused of injecting her former lover, photographer Gus Baland, with HIV-infected blood—he tried to convince the court he should be exempted from testifying from behind a screen. According to the Crown, Sanson played no part in the alleged crimes. But the 60-year-old millionaire, married for 35 years and the father of four grown children, did have something to hide: an intimate relationship with Tan that allegedly resulted in an offer to pay her \$2 million to be his mistress for 10 years. And after Court of Queen's Bench Justice Keith Baster last week rejected his request for anonymity, Sanson could not conceal his disappointment. Appearing as a local media fixture show, he complained that "there's been no sensitivity at all towards my family or my business."

Personal privacy, of course, was one of the first casualties in the sensational Tan trial, now in its third week. The court has already heard, in graphic detail, how the petite, dark-haired Tan, 35, allegedly injected Baland with tainted blood during two separate sessions of infomercial sex in 1992. As well, Baland, 47, a celebrated portrait photographer whose subjects have included Prime Minister and Wayne Gretzky, testified candidly about his fondness for having sex with prostitutes—a prohibition that he said began at the age of 18 in his native Thailand and continues to this day. And last week, the Crown presented one of its key witnesses: Rachel Deitch, a 49-year-old for over a decade of Baland and a close confidante at Tan. During three days of testimony, the aloof, stern-faced Deitch spoke in a waxy voice about how she plotted with Tan to infect Baland with HIV—and then, several months later, alerted the photographer that



Sanson with belly dancer, Tan (top) following a Murder She Wrote plot line

he might be suffering from AIDS. Deitch told the court that, by the spring of 1993, the passionate seven-year affair between Baland and Tan, she said, was apart because Baland refused to make her a full partner in his photographic business, and he had taken up with a younger woman. According to Deitch, Tan left that Baland had "stolen her youth," and wanted revenge. "She was full of anger," Deitch testified. "She felt like one of his whores." Deitch said that it was she who originally suggested the HIV injection—a scheme that she said Tan warmed up to after seeing an episode of the TV series *Murder She Wrote* that followed a similar plot line. When Deitch questioned Tan about how she attempted to inject Baland without him knowing, Tan allegedly replied: "While we're sleeping, he won't feel he has been on his lips. He'll be in a great deal of pain and won't feel a thing."

Deitch, who was clad entirely in black during her testimony, said that in April, 1992, she received several vials of HIV-infected blood from Tan's mistress, Evelyn, a nurse in a California hospital. Deitch said that she

placed the vials in a Holt Renfrew bag, gift-wrapped it and delivered it to Tan. Tan at Baland's photo studio in his posh downtown Edmonton home. A short time later, Deitch said, Tan told her that she had injected her HIV-infected lover during some rough sex, but feared that he had not given her a big enough dose to infect him. About two months later, Tan returned from a trip with Baland to California and informed Deitch that she had administered a second injection and was certain that he now had AIDS. "She laughed when she told me," recalled Deitch. (While testifying, Deitch occasionally looked eyes with Tan, who sat grinning at the prisoner's bar.) Deitch said she wrote the months before phoning Baland to urge him to get an AIDS test. She did so, she said, because she "couldn't live with myself" if the (Baland) infected others with AIDS. Baland took her advice and tested positive—even though a similar test eight months earlier had come up negative. In July, 1993, Edmonton police arrested Tan, she has since pleaded not guilty to charges of aggravated assault, conspiracy to administer a noxious substance and administering a noxious substance in relation to the HIV attacks. Each charge carries a maximum sentence of 14 years upon conviction. Under cross-examination last week, Deitch acknowledged that she had been under psychiatric care for about 12 years following a nervous breakdown. She also said that she did not tell Baland because he spread rumors about her wanting to marry him. Deitch, who has not been charged with any crime, also confirmed that she had cooperated with police in building a case against Tan by wearing a recording device and allowing her phone to be tapped.

The trial continued to draw intense interest in the Alberta capital, with eager spectators, many of them elderly retirees, lining up early each morning for a place in the 70-seat courtroom. For Sanson, who may be called as a witness this week, it is the kind of spotlight he had hoped to avoid. That an attorney in an anonymity-reporter has previously referred to the businessman as Mr. Sand or the Fairy Godfather—justice. After recall that Sanson's social standing was no excuse for sparing him potential embarrassment. After also noted that Sanson's affair with Tan had been an "open secret" among the country club set and that he had made lifestyle choices "fully cognizant" that revelation might lead to harm. As testimony continues this week, Sanson will no doubt have opportunity to reflect upon these choices and the damage done.

HELEN HERRICK with BART JOHNSON in Edmonton

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ing to fight the next election on his government's economic record and its defence of minorities, Harcourt dismissed his ministers' policy as insignificant. "The important thing is the 36 days of an election. People will be able to see the difference between the New Democrat mainstream government and the two others parties on the right," he says.

Unsurprisingly for Harcourt, there is reason for skepticism that any of the three keys to an NDP comeback will play out as he hopes. A gloomed shuffle of cabinet roles and a possible reshuffling of cabinet jobs, both of which could come as early as this week, are intended to avoid a core message of discipline at the top. But the effect may be blamed in the weeks ahead by reports from two continuing investigations—one into the government's close relations with its political friends at the NDP, and the other into a Massimo group that routinely furnished money for charity into party coffers during the 1990s.

At the same time, the Liberals' win in Alberta on May 5 underscored that party's success in obtaining sweeping reforms for the support of conservative voters. With an appeal heavily linked with Reform-style rhetoric and a sweeping new tax cut, the Liberal government that party's erstwhile bias against corporations and industrialists, Canada's it has so far managed to pick up the back shore of former Social Credit support, and appears to be running well ahead of its right-wing rivals in loud ringing as well. Most Surin. "The Liberals are clearly the front runners at this point."

With a year to go before the most likely date for an election, Harcourt and his strategists may still reasonably hope that voters' memories will prove short when it comes to cabinet gutters, and that Campbell will stumble. But that is no guarantee that voters, once they finally focus on the big record, will necessarily approve it. In fact, both party insiders and independent analysts concede that while the public has generally approved of the party's handling of conflicts between biggers and environmentalists over the province's shrinking oil-growth forest, they also worry that most voters were reluctant to give the New Democrats credit for the achievement. Similarly, the government has proven vulnerable to charges of financial mismanagement even while British Columbians have rejected the most robust economy in the country—the province has led all others in unemployment growth for the past eight years. And, warns politician Wynne, the party may find itself on the wrong side of public opinion again if it campaigns on a draconian defence of social programs that many voters increasingly want changed. "They are tired that people want," Wynne cautions. "It is just not what people want." Under Harcourt and his departed troops succeed in changing that perception, the embattled premier's new T-shirt may well prove to be possibly prophetic.

## Unusual alliances

And now, with the end of a school-year

approaching, a political science test for future prime ministers and foreign ministers. In either capacity, your relations with other nations should be guided by (a) whatever best serves Canada's immediate economic and political interests, (b) whatever is morally right, or (c) whatever is likely to be most popular at home.

Perhaps in answering, such choices will come a word for most to think that someone, somewhere, would favor (a). For that option, do not look to the Liberals. Consider last week's assertion by Foreign Affairs Minister Acland Guellet that Canada will "vigilantly pursue [pending] initiatives in a number of countries, irrespective of their human rights records." That means, specifically, brokering trade with Burma, one of the few countries in Asia with even less concern for human rights than Indonesia. Guellet made his remarks after hearing the advice of representatives of ten Asian countries, including Indonesia. To his apparent surprise, he discovered that countries that do not care about human rights do not want Canada to overrule them.

The key word here that foreign affairs officials use is "tailgate"—going together around a corner, such as trade and human rights, and deciding how to balance them for the country's greater good. In a way, it is really de-litigation, since it amounts to divorcing the two issues and, in this instance, deciding that it is better to be rich than right. Its earlier, nobler—or more hypocritical—twin, Liberal governments insisted that they never linked issues and decided individual policies on their own merits. Now, says a senior foreign affairs department official, "tailgate is a factor in everything we do."

The consequences of that affect domestic as well as foreign policy. Take the protection of Canadian cultural properties. American politicians on all sides would love to get Canadian Canadian laws that protect industries such as television and publishing from American encroachment. The pressure, says one Canadian in Washington very loud and clear, is the debate, "Is culturally invasive?" A similar debate is being played within the European Union, where



### BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

wood movies that were in showings for France and Canada to form a strategic alliance on the issue and make cinematic statements in their respective countries by simultaneously denouncing the United States as the Great Satan. Master and Esprit of Sulfuric Movies. But here is where biology enters the two most important external influences in the endless debate over Quebec's future are the governments of France and the United States.

Earlier this year, France's formerly estranged president, Jacques Chirac, suggested that in the event of a Yes vote in the Quebec referendum, France should be among the first to afford it full diplomatic recognition. Under Chirac, Quebec separatists will be more welcome than ever in Paris dining saloons—hardly the fate that many English-Canadian have in mind despite their self-proclaimed wish that such people go and get snail.

Now, contrast that with the reception that separatists receive in official Washington, where they are usually seated far behind the salt shakers, and are greeted with the barely suppressed yips and controlled snarls of a dog reserved for long lost, impoverished relatives or friends who have just become insurance salespeople. The Americans, like the French, usually cite a policy of non-interference but non-indifference publicly—but neither the French, that "non-indifference" equals support for the separatist side.

All of which means that Canada and France are not about to enter into an alliance against the United States to defend their respective laws on cultural properties. And the Canadian government, despite intense skepticism and concern about those American efforts, is maintaining publicly low key on the issue. Senior Liberals insist that they still stand behind the principle of protecting Canadian culture. Perhaps, but as Guellet is denouncing on the homefront issue, the question is not whether Canadian principles are for sale abroad, but at what price.



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### WESTRAY TRIAL SUSPENDED

Nova Scotia Supreme Court Justice Robert Anderson suspended the trial of two former managers at the Westray mine in Pictou, N.S., after a search at the provincial labor department offices turned up inspectors' notebooks that had been missing for three years. The sudden reappearance of the notebooks, which cover the critical months leading up to the May 1992 explosion at the mine that killed 26 men, will be discussed on May 23 when Anderson considers a stay of proceedings being sought by defence lawyers because of concerns about the disclosure of evidence.

### MARTENSVILLE APPEAL

The Saskatchewan Court of Appeal upheld one sexual assault conviction and reversed its decision on seven other related convictions against Travis Sterling who worked at a babysitting service in Martensville, just north of Saskatoon. Nine people faced charges related to alleged sexual abuse at the service, but only Sterling, 26, and one other person—a woman tried as a young offender—were convicted. The appeal court overturned the woman's conviction on May 2.

### P.E.I. BOMB MYSTERY

Police in Charlottetown released composite sketches of two men who were seen near the Prince Edward Island legislature on April 20—the day that a pipe bomb exploded, damaging the building and injuring one man. Police still have no suspects in the explosion and are awaiting the results of a bomb-removal activity last being conducted in a federal cenozo lab in Ottawa.

### MOUNT CASHEL ADMISSION

The Newfoundland government and the Christian Brothers, a Roman Catholic order, admitted their liability in a civil suit launched by Brian Eves, 25, who was physically and sexually abused at Mount Cashel, a now-defunct orphanage that the Christian Brothers ran in St. John's. The surprise admission cleared the way for a Sept. 16 hearing on compensation for Eves, and may have an impact on 30 other similar cases.

### RADIOACTIVE ALERT

Federal Auditor General Denis Deschênes released a report sharply criticizing efforts to clean up radioactive waste sites. Deschênes said that only 11 of 45 high-risk sites have been fully cleaned up under a special program that began five years ago, and that Ottawa has since stopped funding

# Canada NOTES



**DEVASTATION IN SUBURBIA:** Metro Toronto police confirmed that an explosion that leveled three homes and damaged 18 others in suburban Scarborough on May 5 had been deliberately set. Police said the blast—which caused an estimated \$3 million in damage and injured seven people—was caused by a buildup of natural gas in the house that was triggered by a timing device. The police have no suspects in the case, but are investigating neo-Nazi graffiti found at the bomb site.

## Freeing lesbians to adopt

Ontario became the first province to allow gay adoption rights after Judge David Nevin of the Ontario Court's provincial division ruled that a law preventing four lesbian couples from adopting their partners' children in discriminatory and violates women's rights to equal treatment under the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Although the biological mothers involved in the case were legal parents, their partners did not qualify as spouses under the provincial Child and Family Services Act and, as a result, could not adopt. Gay rights advocates hailed the ruling, saying that it showed that the courts in many cases were more progressive than most politicians. They also expressed the hope that it would set a precedent for similar challenges across the country. Meanwhile, Alison Krupar, a lesbian mother, said that Nevin's decision simply recognized

that her family is as valid as any other. Added Krupar: "We need to know the children we love are ours forever."

## Fury over firearms

Justice ministers from the three Prairie provinces and the Yukon told the House of Commons justice committee that proposed gun-control legislation is unnecessary and unworkable. They also predicted that such a law would be mostly ignored. "This is a terrible bill for our police and for our courts," said Saskatchewan Justice Minister Bob MacInch. Representatives of the Grand Council of Crees of Quebec and the Council of Yukon Indians also appeared before the committee, saying that the proposed law shows a disregard for aboriginal culture and treaty rights that guarantee nations the right to hunt.

ON VE-DAY,  
RUSSIANS, LIKE  
OTHERS, RECALL  
THE COST OF WAR

# REMEMBRANCES

For the victors it was a just war, with the best of all possible outcomes—the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany. But as representatives of 51 countries met in Moscow last week to mark the 50th anniversary of Victory in Europe, there were reminders that the successful alliance against fascism was sealed only by a common enemy—and that wartime suspicions, from its place during the Cold War that followed, linger on. That is hardly surprising as Russia and its allies were literally fighting different wars in the West, the conflict became known as the Second World War. But Russians and other former Soviet citizens refer to the successful defense of their homeland as the Great Patriotic War. And last week, as both the victors and the vanquished observed the anniversary of the Nazi surrender in countries around the world, many Russians, old and young, business and disheveled, expressed a common vision from that savage war that the now-vanished Soviet

empire had played the crucial role in defeating the Third Reich. Said Sergei Gerasimov, a military historian at Moscow's Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies: "The Soviet Union saved Europe from fascism and it could have won the war on its own." Those are fighting words. But Gerasimov and others holding similar opinions simply point to the staggering human cost of the Soviet war effort. By current official estimates, 27 million soldiers and civilians died, a tally that far exceeds the losses of any other country involved in history's most destructive conflict. Canada's toll, 45,000 killed and 56,434 wounded in action. German army records also reveal the might of the forces that the Soviet military eventually crushed: Into its jaws of the U.S.S.R. on June 22, 1941, the Wehrmacht never consumed less than 70 per cent of its overall field strength to its native host. Other Russian historians maintain that the war casualty list is still incomplete. Moscow researcher Olga



Russian veterans of a Moscow rally. Soldiers in period uniforms in Red Square (left). Anastasiya greets the Committee veterans who liberated it in an 1945 railway personnel mourning

Verbitskaya, for one, argues that the toll rises to approximately 40 million with the inclusion of deaths due to government repression, inadequate wartime nutrition and medical care, and other causes. But even as Russians set aside a time to commemorate their losses, the politics of the present loom intruding. Fifty Western leaders, including Jean Chrétien of Canada and Bill Clinton of the United States, attended a veterans

parade in Red Square. But as an expression of their displeasure with Russia's continued military operations in the breakaway southern state of Chechnya, those two and many of the others stayed away from a subsequent parade of Russian military hardware. And both, like other leaders, took the opportunity of their presence in Moscow to speak privately to President Boris Yeltsin about their concerns over the mounting casualty toll in Chechnya.



# WARTIME SUSPICIONS, FROZEN DURING THE COLD WAR, LINGER ON



A crowd gathers at Buckingham Palace for part of Britain's celebrations; soldiers join German, Australian and other nations, join observances in Paris; staggering human cost



China also made a point of meeting with 10 members of Yeh's opposition during his two-day visit.

In Russia, few families marked the war's end without grieving a relative's death, and the widespread personal mourning kept the war at the center of popular culture. An officially sanctioned version of books, plays, songs and films infused recollections of the era's genuine patriotism with propaganda extolling Soviet communism's role defending the motherland. One of the chief reasons was that Josef Stalin had led the people to victory.

There was scant official mention of the country's wartime leader in last week's celebrations. Still, one of his most clearly held convictions continues to hold sway in many parts of the former empire—that the Western Allies let the Soviets bear the brunt of the fighting and only opened a second front in 1944 when it appeared that the singing Red Army might roll right over crumbling German forces and reach the English Channel. And certainly, bemuddled veterans who still revere Stalin were present among the 5,000 former fighters who marched through Red Square.

But on the official level, Yegor Gaidar, a 39-year-old economist and former acting prime minister, spoke for a younger genera-

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Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, with his wife, Anne, lays a wreath at Moscow's Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Their 60th birthday was April 17.

## AN ANNIVERSARY WHEN OLD COMRADES CAN REMINISCENCE

tion and resignation of a regime that squandered the lives of millions through repression and incompetent leadership. Said Gaidar: "The Soviet government did not win the Great Patriotic War. Instead it was ordinary people who, enduring great losses, achieved victory—despite the regime and not because of it."

Last week's good weather, ensured by clouds dropping dry ice and other reagents to prevent rain, drew hundreds of thousands of Moscovites to a giant new war memorial and museum in the centre of the city. Crowds strolled through the surrounding parkland—seemingly endless, however briefly, to celebrate a glorious victory in a land where civil strife and social upheaval have been all too common. Old comrades reminisced together, and war-weary veterans recited self-composed doggerel about his war experiences—"When the Katanka trucklet we did shoot/then the fascists went kaput"—to indulgent applause from a host of nearby listeners. And despite the intrusions of modern-day political concerns, most Russians seemed to see the start by a host of foreign leaders as an overdue tribute to soldiers who made 50 years ago.

WILLIAM GREY in Moscow



Victims group member Cliff Chaberton among 150 Canadians who gathered for the war anniversary in Kitz, Germany. (AP Wirephoto)

# Third-time lucky

Jacques Chirac wins the French presidency

He was a 13-year-old schoolboy in Paris when Germany surrendered to the Allies on May 8, 1945. Last week, half a century later, he stood at the Arc de Triomphe to celebrate both the Allied victory and a personal one. Twice defeated by Socialist François Mitterrand in the French presidency in the 1980s, conservative Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, 62, finally proved successful in a runoff election on May 7, beating Mitterrand's heir and the first-rund leader, Lionel Jospin. The next day, president-elect Chirac stood shoulder to shoulder with his outgoing political enemies at ceremonies marking the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War in Europe. The ceremonies offered 70-year-old Mitterrand, who is dying of prostate cancer, an opportunity to bid his political farewell after 34 years in France's highest office. The leadership also provided Chirac with a unique international spotlight before some 70 world leaders, including U.S. Vice President Al

Gore, German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Prime Minister Jean Chirac.

It has been a long, hard climb to the top for the iconoclastic Chirac. A protégé of former Gaullist president Georges Pompidou, who affectionately called him "the bulldozer," Chirac was first elected to the National Assembly in 1967 at the age of 34. He served in various cabinet posts until Pompidou's death in 1974, when he became premier under centrist president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. That arrangement ended in 1980 when Chirac, recruited, complaining that Giscard d'Estaing would not give him enough authority to combat unemployment and inflation. The following year, Chirac became mayor of Paris—an office he will relinquish before his inauguration this week.

In the 1981 presidential election, he ran against Giscard d'Estaing, winning the right-wing vote and helping assure victory for Mitterrand. When the next night was the 1986 parliamentary election, Chirac agreed



Chirac with supporters: an ongoing

to become prime minister in an unprecedented power-sharing arrangement with the Socialist president. Two years later, he again unsuccessfully challenged Mitterrand for the presidency. Frustrated, Chirac retreated to city hall, where he plotted last week's winning comeback.

After nearly 30 years in politics, the private life of France's next president remains an enigma. Only in March 1991 Chirac revealed that

he and his wife, Bernadette, had adopted a Vietnamese refugee in 1975. (His 10th, 15, was married last year in a private ceremony conducted by Chirac in his capacity as mayor.) And has barely had suffered tragedies about which he never speaks. His older daughter, Laurence, 36, a doctor, was critically injured in 1988 in an apparent suicide attempt. The husband of a younger daughter, Claude, 32, who is now Chirac's main media adviser, killed herself in 1992.

Secreciness about his private life is just

one part of the Chirac puzzle. As a politician, he has tried to be all things to all people. He has been, by turns, both an advocate and a critic of closer European ties. When he founded the Gaullist Rally for the Republic party in 1976, he suggested it should stand for "French-style Laborism," a reference to Britain's party of the left. Yet, when he became premier for the second time in 1986, his platform was a Gallic version of Thatcherite conservatism. He practiced a loose, relaxed restraint on budgets and abolished a wealth tax on the rich. In his latest incarnation, Chirac—whose campaign logo was an apple tree—generally has been a crusader against poverty and unemployment.

In his first weeks in the Elysee Palace, Chirac will have to make several decisions that will set the tone for his presidency. Probably the most difficult will be whether to resume underground nuclear weapons testing—suspended in 1992—on Muroran Island in French-controlled Polynesia. A resumption of testing would antagonize South Pacific nations and jeopardize peace for a world-wide total nuclear test ban, currently under negotiation at the United Nations. Not to do so could call into question the reliability of France's arsenal and prevent the development of a new generation of warheads.

Meanwhile, Foreign Minister Jean Juppé, Chirac's likely prime minister, has said that France must decide within a few weeks whether to keep its 4,000 troops peacekeepers in

the former Yugoslavia, where there is renewed fighting. And on the domestic front, Chirac must deal with the demands of angry labor unions which are threatening strikes for higher wages at a time when the unemployment rate stands at a record-over 12.2 percent—the highest in northern Europe.

Chirac's first foreign trip is almost certain to be a symbolic visit to Bonn to reaffirm the importance of the Franco-German partnership for the future of Europe. He will also visit Helsinki next month to attend the Group of Seven world economic summit, hosted by Christian. Although the two men spoke briefly last week at St. Germaine in Paris, Chirac's advisors insisted that the demands of the presidential transition precluded a private meeting. That, at least, was the official explanation—although some analysts concluded that Chirac's availability was a deliberate snub stemming from a January visit to France by Quebec Premier Jacques Parizeau. At the time, Chirac said any government headed by him would be the first to recognize a sovereign Quebec; if the province voted for independence in a referendum. Miffed, Chirac's relatives in Ottawa said that the referendum had as much chance of passing as Chirac had of winning the French presidency. It was not the first time that someone had underestimated the power of "the bulldozer."

ANDREW HALLIDAY and correspondents' reports

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# A deadly outbreak

The mysterious Ebola virus strikes again



Zairese children cover their faces in a misguided effort to protect themselves from the Ebola virus (inset): panic

The virus first makes its presence felt when the victim runs a high temperature, followed by vomiting, chest pains and skin rashes. Then hemorrhagic develops—from the eyes and ears, the stomach and the bowels. There is no cure that can ward off the disease—and, once someone is infected, death usually follows within days. In the past 10 years, strains of the Ebola virus have erupted three times to ravage African populations. Last week, doctors were working desperately to contain a new outbreak in the central African nation of Zaire. The virus triggered panic as the death toll rose at the government hospital in the administrative and commercial city of Kinshasa, medical staff and patients fled, provoking greater panic. Officials in Kinshasa said the city of about 500,000 people. In Geneva, officials at the World Health Organization put the death toll by week's end at 45, including three Indian men who worked at the hospital. Another 17 patients were infected, and new cases were turning up at the rate of about one a day. "About half of those infected are not going to make it," said one spokesman. "We're going to see more deaths."

As American, European and South African medical teams arrived in Zaire to battle the disease, authorities in Canada and other

countries took great pains against a frightening, but elusive, possibility—that someone infected by Ebola might carry the virus to other population centres. Officials in Ottawa alerted provincial medical authorities of that risk, but said the possibility of the Ebola virus spreading to Canada was small. Foreign Affairs officials said that about 800 Canadians are currently in Zaire—and two were believed to be in the Kinshasa region. But even if an infected traveller reached Canada, Ebola is not highly infectious, most experts believe that it can only be transmitted by contact with blood or other bodily fluids. "This is a devastating disease," says Ron St. John, a senior adviser at Ottawa's Laboratory Centre for Disease Control. "But as far as we know, it is not one that can be casually transmitted."

The latest outbreak surfaced first in Kinshasa's largest hospital. Within days, more than 100 people arrived in the area and arranged to send blood samples to Alberta, where scientists at the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) confirmed the presence of Ebola virus. Meanwhile, the spectacle of death unfolding in Kinshasa general hospital—where conditions, according to European experts,

are primitive—not all an accolade of medical staff and patients. Some of the patients later turned up at another Kinshasa hospital and at hospitals in nearby towns. Physicians said who knew in the town were working to "upgrade sterile conditions and improve the provision of care" in the Kinshasa region, an agricultural area about 600 km east of the Zaire capital of Kinshasa.

Scientists still know relatively little about Ebola, as where it came from—though some experts say that it may be carried by monkeys in the central African rain forest. Ebola is part of the family of filoviruses that first surfaced in 1967 when seven employees of a firm in Marburg, Germany, died after being infected by monkeys imported from Uganda and Kenya for pharmaceutical purposes. Ebola itself was first identified nine years later when about 800 villagers succumbed to an infection that struck along the Ebola River, about 1,000 km north of the Kinshasa region. In 1979, two more outbreaks of similar viruses killed hundreds of people in Zaire and neighboring Sudan.

The horrible possibility of Ebola spreading south in North America was underscored by author Richard Preston's best-selling non-fiction book *The Hot Zone*, which described a 1980 outbreak of a similar virus among ungaraged monkeys at a laboratory in Reston, Va. As it turned out, the Reston strain was harmless to humans. But Preston's book served to heighten awareness of Ebola—as did the movie *Outbreak* earlier this year, in which scientists battle an Ebola-like virus that is killing people in a small California town.

The Kinshasa outbreak reignited controversy over a \$5-million Ottawa government laboratory in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke designed to study Ebola and other deadly viruses. The so-called Level 4 containment facility, which was due to open last Christmas, was put on hold after protests by local residents. A privately appointed committee now is studying the issue. A similar federal laboratory, currently under construction in Winnipeg, is due to open in 1997.

Federal officials say they have no plans to quarantine travellers arriving from Zaire—but a suspected case of Ebola turned up at a Canadian hospital. Blood samples, mostly sent to the U.S. for analysis, made the news. For some experts, the latest Ebola outbreak discredited the need for high-tech laboratories in Canada, because it may be only a matter of time before a case of Ebola or another dangerous virus turns up in Canada—and laboratory work is needed quickly. "Ebola is sort of a make-good call," says Dr. Kevin Ryan, a tropical disease specialist at The Toronto Hospital. "This kind of thing is not going to go away."

MARK NICHOLS and JAM NARASIMHA  
in Toronto



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## LETTER FROM

*Brightlingsea*

## A woolly debate

Just up the street, where afternoon sunshine bathes an obelisk war memorial in almost heavenly light, about 300 residents of the English coastal village of Brightlingsea are hawking their heads to commemorate the 50th anniversary of V-Day. But in the darkness of the halfway desert, Bruce Maclean and his friends opt to mark the occasion from the comfort of their bar stools. "Doubtful the only real anniversary that matters in Brightlingsea,"

grows the 49-year-old tire cutter, shuffling lower in his seat and stirring groans from the two dogs lying across his feet. There is mumbled agreement from Maclean's companions. As the afternoon wears on, and the stars flow, the men agree on much else: their dislike for the "raggins" across the Channel, for starters, and for Linda McCartney, too, with her preaching about vegetarianism.

But eventually, as predictably as the Brightlingsea tides, these topics lead to the one subject at town that always provokes an argument. "Around here, we don't talk about politics, religion or sheep," someone says cheerfully, nodding the advice on how to avoid disagreements in a pub. But, of course, they do. And there is nothing—perhaps there never has been anything—quite as contentious to the people of Brightlingsea as the subject of sheep.

More precisely, the controversy surrounds the exportation to France of live sheep from Brightlingsea's one and only commercial wharf. Until recently, the odds were that the mention of Brightlingsea anywhere else in England would have elicited a blank stare. Now, the name of this tiny, isolated coastal village of 7,500 people—nestled in the farming country of East Anglia, an hour's drive from London—is synonymous with much violence. Almost every day since January, the village has been the site of swirling street battles between animal-welfare activists, who oppose the export of live animals, and police under political orders to ensure that the still per-

fectly legal trade is allowed to continue.

In effect, the debate pits the British public's celebrated love of four-legged creatures ("When I die," goes the Irish saying, "I want to come back as a pig"—or so an *Englishman's* dog, assistant the French love for fresh meat) and a "Beethoven" in France. Many French wholesalers insist that lamb and veal calves be shipped across the Channel alive so that they can be freshly slaughtered for domestic tastes. What emerges



### Violent protests over animal rights rock an English town

British animal-rights activists is that, once in France, the animals are kept virtually stationary in small crates, often for several weeks, to ensure more tender meat. Britain banned such confinement in 1986 on the grounds of cruelty, but the Tory government has been unable to get its European partner to change its picturesque habits. Meanwhile, English, Welsh and Scottish farmers remain heavily dependent on the trade.

Protests began in earnest last year at two small English harbors and airports, and the powerful pressure led large ferry operators and even British Airways to stop carrying livestock. But so smaller, private exporters picked up the slack. The protests against the \$400-million annual trade turned violent, particularly in ports such as Dover and Brightlingsea, and at Coventry airport. In February, 20-year-old Jill Pilgrim was struck and killed by a truck, hauling veal calves when she tried to stop it from entering Coventry airport. Brightlingsea showed up for Pilgrim's funeral, and soon she was being heralded as the movement's first martyr. Last month, four police officers were injured in Brightlingsea when they were hit in the face by eggs filled with paint. Animal-welfare groups tried to distance themselves from the attack, arguing that far-left extremists had hijacked their demonstration. "No true animal lover would do that to an egg," says an activist Martin Simmons of Coar-

Activists battle police, January has been hectic

poolton in World Farming. Even so, the porters and their families have been threatened and their homes attacked. And last month, a letter bomb was detected and dismantled en route to Agriculture Minister Willem Wolfrum's home.

In Brightlingsea, elderly men and women have stood alongside mothers with young children to scream "fascist," "murderers" and much worse in the faces of police, some of whom accept the insults more gracefully than others. Seniors have used liver crabs, and younger protesters their placards, to bait on the sides of the livestock trucks as they pass through town, guarded by police vans and a phalanx of several dozen officers on foot. Presumably, television news teams eagerly broadcast it all to the nation—which, predictably, spawned

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larger and larger protests. Occasionally, a more anarchic political fringe element from outside Brightlingsea has joined in bands of sea-punked environmentalists who are often in the lead, but it is apparently to bail sheep—or perhaps something sharper—at-joke.

The bail publicity has made Brightlingsea a place best avoided. And that has saved movement in the village from those who say the protesters are bad for business. "It is only a minority who are protesting, but they are disrupting this town," says Roy Field, who owns The Anchor Pub, a weathered Victorian building on the waterfront next to the controversial wharf. But visitors run as high in town that Field says the editors of the local paper, *The Evening Gazette*, will not even run his letters condemning the protests. "In the interest of my own safety."

These days, it's not unusual that the pub owner. The pubman Field invites crews from the cargo ships to come ashore and drink at the Anchor. For that, he says, he has evaded a boycott at his pub by guests—"I wouldn't have their lot in here anyway—too full-mouthed," he declares—although a few occasionally larger outside and swear at anyone with the word *lovely* or the political tendency to drink at the Anchor. "People see the cubs on TV and they stay away from Brightlingsea," complains a sad-eyed Christine Smith, who owns the Swan Inn at the main street. Simon, acknowledging that business is "definitely down," adds that she and her husband never join the protesters that rage just across the bar. "It's a right nuisance, you've got people in this town who have never been outside Brightlingsea in their life," she says. "If you offered one person, you can afford a whole lot."

Times have been drawn in the village. Those opposed to the campaign to ban live exports are known as "axis," as in anti-protestant, and are clearly out in well organized. Recruitment is much easier on the side of the lamb. "For the majority of these people, it's the first time they have ever demonstrated against anything," says local fellow activist Bob Rayner, who supports the protests. To them, it is true that Brightlingsea residents stand by while coal was shipped to Europe through its port in defiance of the mid-1970s miners'

strike. "I must think that the big eyes at the sheep sticking out of the lanes look much more appalling than a pair of scruffy mares," he says.

But Margaret Thatcher's England, with its evidence of conscience at any cost, now seems far off. These days, businessman Roger Mills, who owns the company that transports the sheep, is widely mentioned as animal rights cards without his full official title: East Angles Agent of Death

certain English codify, a political choreography, to the protests, which are now in their fifth month. Some protesters still say "good morning" to politicians before sticking to the road cars of "slaves" as the trucks pass by. But as the cost of joining the trade soared, officials moved to snuff out the demonstrations. Suddenly, sign-writers found three-month jail sentences if their demonstrations got out of hand. The issue of animal rights became clouded by civil rights—and more radical elements joined in the protests.

"These animal lovers say to us 'if you are not here for the animals, go away,'" says John Tappin, 46, an activist in the 10,000-member Socialist Workers Party (SWP) with a automatic reputation for provoking police to violence. "I think they are all hypocrites. They have no concern at all for humans." To Tappin, the confrontation in Brightlingsea was a struggle. "Just because," and Bernie Barber is "foolish." But in battle, he says, "it is necessary to look across against a concrete enemy."

Tappin sees the fight as another chapter in the general confrontation between capital and labor. But the origins of Brightlingsea's civil war may be less universal. The wharf itself, and the busy commercial traffic it attracts along the four narrow road side lanes, have been controversial since the 1970s. Over the years, the town council gradually restricted the wharf traffic to grain—daying permission to ship timber and cement through the village. Now, many people see the wharf owner's decision to ship livestock through Brightlingsea as a mischievous way to stir the back of the town. "It's a loaded fight about who will run the town," says Rayner.

"We were really a happy, peaceful community until this started."

But breaking the wounds may not be so difficult as many believe. Even as the Railway Tavern, there is general support for the principle of freedom in animals. The consensus here mainly as one man recounts a "best story" of Australian shipper probing his herd of live sheep overboard in the Persian Gulf after the sheep was tossed away from a Bahraini port. "Kindly Animals," exclaims Pheloyon, looking smugly again. "If they had to kill the sheep, they should have put a bullet in each of their hands. But down there? Now that's barbaric."

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# World NOTES

## Following a blood trail

In the most damning evidence yet presented against O.J. Simpson, a prosecution expert testified that the odds were one in 170 million that blood found at the scene of his ex-wife's murder could have come from anyone but Simpson. Dr. Robin Cotton, a microbiologist and DNA expert, added that blood found on one of Simpson's socks—and later identified as coming from Simpson—had DNA characteristics matched by approximately only one in 9.7 billion Caucasians.

Under cross-examination, Cotton acknowledged that her calculations do not include when or how the blood was deposited. She said there is no test to determine



Simpson, doubting evidence

the age of blood drops and none to detect tampering before samples arrive at her laboratory. The defense has suggested a police detective placed Nicole Brown Simpson's blood on a sock at the foot of Simpson's bed and that someone else sprinkled Simpson's blood about the crime scene and his mansion.

After Cotton's testimony, some legal analysts and prosecutors had predicted all they needed to obtain a guilty verdict that would stand up on appeal. "They have met their burden of proof, hands speaking," said Loyola University law professor Stanley Goldstein. "If the prosecution wanted to end it here, they could end it here."

## Oklahoma bombing suspect charged

Shackled around the waist, Terry Nichols appeared before a federal judge after he was charged with conspiracy in the April 19 bombing of a government building in Oklahoma City. Nichols, 40, showed no reaction during a brief hearing at the 101 Reno federal prison outside the city, even when prosecutor Paul Ryan noted that the charge of malicious destruction of government property carried the death penalty. The accused case was ordered held until a preliminary hearing on May 18. Nichols, who had been held in Kansas in a material witness, and his former army buddy Timothy McVeigh, 27, are the only two people charged so far with the bombing that killed 167 people, 19 of them children, and injured 400.



Nichols: prisoner

An FBI affidavit said that federal agents had found bomb-making materials at Nichols's Kansas home and found a receipt for automatic weapons fire arms at the type used on the truck bombs. It also said a Ryder rental truck was seen parked behind his home in Okemah, Kan., two days before the blast. Meanwhile, in Oklahoma City, federal agents arrested another man, Steven Garrett Colborn. He was arraigned on federal gun charges dating back to 1994—but investigators are looking into a possible link between Colborn and McVeigh.

## Bush quits NRA

Former President George Bush angrily resigned from the National Rifle Association to protest a first-classing letter that described federal agents as government thugs. Bush said he was outraged when NRA executive vice president Wayne LaPierre later defended the letter, which was made public after the April 19 bombing in Oklahoma City. While Bush is his avowed nation letter: "To attack any government law-enforcement people as 'wearing Nazi bucket helmets and black storm trooper uniforms' wanting to 'attack law-abiding citizens' is a vicious slander on good people."

### NUCLEAR PACT RENEWED

After several weeks of intense debate, delegates at a UN conference decided to renew the 176-nation nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty and extend it indefinitely. Under the terms of the accord, signatory nations without nuclear arms renounce them for good, while nuclear-armed states promise to disarm and develop peaceful nuclear cooperation in other areas, under international safeguards.

### MINING DISASTER

In South Africa, a runaway underground train plunged down a vertical mine shaft and crushed a packed elevator, killing 104 miners. The accident occurred in one of the country's largest gold mines near the town of Orlam, 150 km southwest of Johannesburg.

### RUSSIAN CONCESSIONS

At a Moscow summit with President Bill Clinton, Russian President Boris Yeltsin agreed to scrap plans to sell Tehran a gas coverage system, which U.S. officials said could help Iran develop nuclear weapons. Yeltsin also dropped his opposition to closer Russian ties with NATO, removing a major obstacle to further European integration.

### A NEW SPY HEAD

The U.S. Senate unanimously approved John Deutch's nomination as the new director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Deutch, 56, the deputy defense secretary, succeeds James Woolsey, who quit in December under fire for his handling of the aftermath of the Asian Arms spy case.

### CULT BREAKTHROUGH

Masaru Tsuchiyai, head of the chemical squad of the controversial Aum Shin Kyō (Supreme Truth) sect, told Tokyo investigators his team had manufactured the deadly nerve gas used last spring. His admission could be the vital link police need to press charges against the sect and arrest its fugitive leader, Shoko Asahara, for the March 20 attack on Tokyo's subway system that killed 12 people and injured more than 5,000.

### THREATENING MAIL

FBI officials confirmed that the so-called Unabomber sent letters to two Nobel Prize-winning scientists in Massachusetts, warning them to give up their work as geneticists and computer—or face consequences. (Slightly later bombs believed to be from the Unabomber have killed three people and injured 23 since 1979.)



Bought by Teck at \$10 a share on April 17 and are now trading at about \$36 each.

An word of the base metal discovery spread, an explosive land-staking rush followed. Mining companies, prospectors and the general public descended on the Newfoundland mining records office in St. John's, lining up for hours to register their claims. In the past six months, more than 110,000 claims have been staked for mineral rights, covering about 10 per cent of Labrador.

Across the continent, the Vancouver Stock Exchange quickly joined the nickel rush as more than 50 junior mining companies, armed with freshly staked claims in Labrador, began trading the possibility that they, too, would find a mine. But even though there is an shortage of speculators willing to place their bets, mining is about John King, of Manson Placements Inc. in Toronto, says. "Vancouver prospectors appear to be having their greatest success mining the pockets of the public."

Frederick is certainly no stranger to the game of promoting high-risk mining ventures and their stock (age 49). In 1986, a wholly owned subsidiary of Galactic Resources Inc. of Vancouver, at which Frederick

soon will gain the right to develop and mine the deposit. Frederick is looking for an experienced partner because he says he has no interest and little experience in mine development. "Right now, Diamond Fields is like a beautiful woman in a bar," says Edward Miroslaw, the company's executive vice president and chief financial officer. "There are a lot of rough-and-ready characters coming over to flirt." As Frederick himself described the negotiations, "We like playing poker with five aces in your hand."

The history of the Voisey Bay discovery began more than four years ago when Frederick and Diamond Fields' co-chairman, Jean-Raymond Boileau, a former manager with De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd. in South Africa, decided to join the growing hunt for diamonds in Canada. Frederick says that Diamond Fields, which he formed in 1993, chose to focus its exploration program in Labrador, as well as Saskatchewan, partly because those areas had not been secured by prospectors in the past. "If you want to find a really good mine," explained Frederick, "you have to go where nobody else is looking."

Diamond Fields hired two Newfoundland-based prospectors, Al Chabot and Owen Verbois, to carry out the company's exploration program in Labrador. Instead of diamonds, however, the prospectors came across the first signs of a mineral deposit in September, 1993, when they noticed a rusty-colored rock outcrop on a hillside. A few days after they spotted it from a helicopter, Chabot and Verbois returned to the site to take rock samples. Although these samples showed a high-grade nickel content, an extensive drilling program was required to determine whether the deposit was small and isolated,

or, part of an ore body large enough to justify the development of a full mine. In October, 1994, Diamond Fields drilled the first of four holes to explore the deposit. The results confirmed the presence of a deposit worth further exploration. With the seventh drill hole, the company struck what geologists now believe is the heart of a high-grade ore deposit that contains rock with more than 3.5-per-cent nickel content and more than two-per-cent copper, as well as increasing amounts of cobalt. Those nickel and copper grades are almost twice as high as those in most operating mines in the world now.

Geologists theorize that the deposit was created when the Earth's tectonic plates separated and molten magma rose from beneath the surface. It is the magma that is the source of the Voisey Bay deposit. They think that, because of the way the Voisey Bay deposit was formed, there are probably other deposits in the area. "It's hard to believe," says Frederick, "that we managed to hit the only one in the area with our first drill holes." But proving the presence of more deposits can only be done with extensive, closely spaced drill holes.

Teck chairman Norman Korol, a geophysicist by training—who also visited the site for the first time with Frederick last week—says that the signs are very promising. "You could stop drilling now," says Korol, "and go into production and have a very good mine, an exceptional mine." He adds that Teck would like to own a higher interest in the mine, but that decision is up to Frederick.

Voisey Bay has generated much excitement in the mining community because it is the first really big discovery in Canada in more than a decade. Canadian mining companies have been enjoying success in their exploration offshore in countries like Chile and Peru recently, so those countries open their economies and appear less inclined to pursue foreign mining operations than they have been in the past. That,

Aerial view of Voisey (left), the town's main street, the province of jobs for the future



was their chairman, chief executive officer and president, opened Saskatchewan gold mine in Colorado, which employed a so-called back breaking technique that relied on cyanide baths to extract gold from the raw ore. Over the next six years, until the mine stopped operating in 1992, it caused extensive environmental damage to the nearby Alamosa River. The Environmental Protection Agency, which took over the site as the mining company went bankrupt, has estimated that it will spend \$146 million cleaning it up. The EPA is conducting an ongoing investigation into Frederick and individuals from other engineering and mining companies associated with the mine as an attempt to recover its costs. Frederick, who resigned from all his posts at Galactic in 1990, emphatically denies responsibility for the damage, saying that key engineering and consulting companies were hired to develop the mine, so he is blameless.

That troubled past, however, now appears to be behind him. Frederick says that Diamond Fields has now moved into serious negotiations with several international mining companies, including Iron Ltd., Polanco Inc. Ltd., both of Toronto, and Teck, over which of

curly equipment was minimal; it was further demonstration that Diamond Fields has found an extremely high-grade ore body just below the surface, only a few kilometers from water and easy transportation to market. "It doesn't get much better than this," Frederick said, as he stuffed the orange soil-covered suit for the first time last week. "You can just feel the excitement up here."

Over the past two months that excitement has spread like a wildfire. In April, Diamond Fields announced that Teck Corp., also of Vancouver, had bought a 19-per-cent stake in the company. That deal, valued at more than \$100 million, is the best evidence yet that the company may have struck the "elephant" deposit that federal Natural Resources Minister Anne McLellan described to an international trade conference in Florida in March. The Teck deal also put a preliminary estimate of the value of the deposit at more than \$1 billion and sent the value of Diamond Fields' shares soaring. The shares, which have traded for as little as \$3.30 in the past year, were



## Diamond Fields' metal discovery starts a mining rush in Labrador

# BOOM TIME

BY BRENDA DALGLISH

The metal detector at the Goose Bay airport worked overtime last week as Robert Frederick, co-chairman of Diamond Fields Resources Inc. of Vancouver, passed through. Returning from a visit to one of the largest base metal discoveries in North America in 25 years, Frederick—along with a party of mining executives and geologists from other companies—carried small ore samples from the metal Fields' deposit at Voisey Bay, Labrador, 360 km northwest of Goose Bay. The rock samples in the group's briefcases and backpacks were so loaded with nickel and copper that they set off the security alarms. But for Frederick, a controversial stock promoter from Vancouver whose reputation was badly tarnished by a failed gold mine project in Colorado a few years ago, the buzz of airport se-

Frederick (left), Korol check ore samples; they can feel the excitement

combined with North America's tougher new environmental laws, has encouraged Canadian mining companies to explore elsewhere.

But Vaicay Bay's rich nickel and copper deposit has changed that. Although nickel and copper do not have the investment glamour of gold, they are essential industrial metals that are increasingly in demand. Nickel, which is used in hardy outer metals, is a key component in stainless steel. It is used extensively in automobiles, other consumer goods and industrial products. Copper, which shaped in the 1980s as fibre-optic cables steadily replaced traditional copper wiring in the telecommunications sector, is currently booming again. One of its biggest growing uses is in the numerous small motors in automobiles that operate everything from windows to windshield wipers. And the price of both metals has been rising recently as the North American economy picks up steam.



**Mining camp near Vaicay Bay, a stock market frenzy and a rush to stake fund claims have followed the accidental discovery of nickel and copper deposits**

But a mine at Vaicay Bay is unlikely to go into production fast enough to benefit from the recent surge in world markets. Friedland says that it will be several years before the mine begins commercial production. The biggest reason for the delay is the ongoing land claims dispute over the territory staged between the Innu and Inuit of the region. Both groups have laid claim to the land where they have fished and hunted for generations. Government officials are now under growing pressure to settle the dispute so that the mine can proceed.

In Nuia, a tiny first nation community of 1,100 people 35 km northeast of Vaicay Bay, enthusiasm over the economic benefits of the exploration and the possible mine development is tempered by concerns about a mine's impact on the community's traditional way of life. Tony Goodwin, who owns the town's only hotel, the nine-room Amak Lodge, is already enjoying the business boom that has dried his hotel in the past year. When the Diamond Fields are developed, crews and the exploration crews from other companies flock to the area, the only accommodation to be found will be in rooms rented in the homes of local residents. Although 15 local residents now have jobs at the exploration site, Goodwin says that the promise of open employment is welcome in a community where more than 50 per cent of the population is under the age of 25 and the rate of unemployment is pushing 50 per cent. Mayor Richard Parisek says that Nuia's small projects

are smaller in, but not as severe as those at Dease Lake, the nearest community to the south, where the community suffers from alcoholism, drug abuse and teen suicides. "A mine would mean jobs and a better future for some of these kids," he said.

Nuia is a tiny community perched on the edge of a rugged fjord where shoreline reaches 1,000 m in every year. Most residents still rely on the annual caribou hunt, and fishing for Arctic char and salmon to supplement the unemployment insurance and social assistance income they receive from the government. But some Nuia residents are growing concerned about the effect of a mine on their community. "It's scary," says local electrician Jim Webb. "This was just a sleepy little town. Now things are being pushed so fast none of the local people can keep up with it."

Webb and other residents of Nuia have other, more concrete worries, as well. Reluctant to the \$20 million gold mine in Colorado, Webb added: "We're not totally against the mine. We just want to get all the safeguards in place. You wonder whether it could be another environmental disaster like the one in the States." Diamond Fields' 1994 annual report does not identify Friedland as co-chairman or make a single mention of his connection to the company—even though he now describes himself as its "co-founder." But John Woods, of the Vancouver-based *Stockwatch* newsletter, a publication that sometimes stock promotion activity, says the Vaicay Bay discovery has rejuvenated Friedland's reputation. "There's been a remarkable transformation of Robert Friedland," said Woods. "He's gone from being 'Uncle Bob of Sarniaville' to 'Saint Robert of Labrador.'" And Friedland is anxious to present that fresh face to investors. "I have a very deep and real desire to see that this small [Vaicay Bay] really benefits everyone and is done right," Friedland said last week. "The same mistakes won't be made twice."

For now, Friedland's immediate task is to negotiate a deal with one or more major mining companies to develop the Vaicay Bay deposit. He says that Diamond Fields has been approached by more than 30 international mining corporations. Two have reportedly bid \$70 a share for a stake in the company, but both executives, officially, will say only that they, like most major nickel producers, are "interested" in the find. Friedland and Beattie each own 37 million Diamond Fields shares, or about 13 per cent of the total each, making them the second largest shareholders after the Robertson, Sturges & Co. mutual fund group of San Francisco, which owns four million shares. That Friedland notes that several factors—made from prices—will determine which suitor is selected in a development partner. "We have a point system," says Friedland. According to him, Canadian companies with a record as "sustainable environmental excellence" and extensive nickel marketing experience will be given first consideration.

For Friedland, whose skill as a stock promoter is his ability to sell nothing more than an idea, the chance to negotiate a deal to sell a proven asset presents a new and unusual challenge. In a bid of persuading speculators to invest a little of their money in his dream, Friedland's task this time will be to see how much money he can get for a proven deposit. And for any professional gambler, the chance to play a hand with the ace is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. □

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# An unlikely obsession

**R**obert Friedland readily acknowledges that mining is more than his business—it is his life. The first break with the industry came in 1976 when he owned a tree farm in Oregon. The farm had an abandoned gold mine and, with gold prices soaring at the time, Friedland started to probe whether the mine could be reopened. Since then, he says that he has been involved with hundreds of mining projects. "What started out as an interest," he says, "turned into a hobby, and then a business and finally an obsession."

But for Friedland, 45, who has been called the "yuppie prospector" and a "Bite and Choke miner," it is an unlikely obsession. He was born in Chicago—where his architect father worked for Frank Lloyd Wright—in parents who emigrated from Germany after the Second World War. Friedland had just earned an undergraduate degree in political science from Reed College in Portland, Ore., when he began his uncle in a tree farm venture. After getting hooked on mining, he moved to Vancouver, the North American hub of junior mining activity. In 1984, he now has that citizenship in Canada and the United States. Last year Friedland, who has three children, moved to Singapore with his wife, to pursue business activities in that fast-growing region.

In the years since his first mining experience in Oregon, Friedland has occasionally ventured into other businesses. Currently, he is working on a deal to sell plastic houses in China. But he never entirely left the mining industry. Even after an environmental disaster at the Bannerville gold mine in California, when cyanide from the processing operation contaminated a nearby river—said Friedland's reputation—he returned to the industry. But all of his past mining ventures pale next to the discovery of the rich nickel-copper deposit at Vanuay Bay in Labrador. "You've got to have imagination. You've got to want to be a winner," he said in an interview, explaining the optimism that underlies his inactivity. "You've got to spend huge amounts of money to find something. If you aren't lucky and you don't find anything, all that money just goes to money heaven."

The Vanuay Bay discovery has at least partially redeemed the British-looking prospector's tarnished reputation in the eyes of his peers. Murray Peake, another Vancouver stock promoter who has backed such mining ventures as the Bendo and Ekoy



Friedland (right), Dougie (center), Mercurio, an obsession with mining pays off

*Vancouver mining promoter Robert Friedland is back in the big time with a rich discovery of nickel and copper*

Creek gold mines, says, "It's a position, and he's lucky. That's a good combination for a mining promoter." Nathan Keen, chairman of Teck Corp., Diamond Field's new partner and a respected industry veteran, says Friedland is "a genius as a dealmaker, and he's a trader."

A promoter is often the key to the success or failure of a mining project. Money for exploration has to be raised from speculators willing to risk their cash on the long shot that an ore body will be found. And Friedland, according to those who have watched him, is persuasive: that under the aegis of the gift, backslapping promoter, Friedland is intense, reserved and even abrasive the plays out his chess—and he has plenty—slowly and more convincingly according to one longtime friend and business colleague, Frank Gossard, president of Yorkton Securities Inc. in Vancouver, Friedland is a good tailor. "There've been times when I've gone into a meeting really mad and by the time he's finished I'll almost feel sorry for him," but Gossard says that he can be warm, too. "He walks from I stand—I did this, I did that."

Friedland's backers are also large institutional investors, including mutual and pension funds, which are not known for

dabbling in the kind of high-risk long shots that characterize the junior mining industry. Friedland can court such high-powered institutions as the Montreal-based Caisse de dépôt et placement, Quebec's public sector pension plan, and the high-profile Alcanor mutual fund group of Toronto, among his past investors.

Exactly how he convinces such savvy investors to roll the dice starts to become clear when Friedland talks about his college friend Steven Jobs, the financial promoter and co-founder of Apple Computer. "Steve told me when he was very young that he was going to build the biggest computer company in the world," says Friedland. "That was a ridiculously absurd statement for him to make. But he had such a sense of determination that he literally created a 'reality distortion field' around him." Friedland says that Jobs was so convincing that "people's hands-would-or-would not shatter" because they could see that he really believed it." Friedland, who talks about his own ability to elicit the "hand-to-hand reflex," could be describing himself.

Friedland, like Jobs, had big dreams and lots of determination. "He has very little self-doubt," says Gossard. "When something goes wrong, it's not like water off a duck's back." But these days, even Friedland isn't a Fisher of doubt about when he discusses his future business plans. He says that he will not over-invest as much on the mining business because "it would be the pretty damn hard to come up with another Vanuay Bay." But, in the end, he may find that obsessions are not that easy to shake.



White House



Taj Mahal



Buckingham Palace



The Johnsons

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# Will Paris decide Canada's future?

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

**T**he election that catapulted Jacques Chirac into the French presidency last week could become a decisive element in Canada's future.

While it's well known that Chirac, a right-wing Gaullist, is sympathetic to Québec separatism, the timing of his support could be crucial in how Canada's eternal struggle to keep the country together is resolved. If Jacques Parizeau is elected to follow Léolin Bouchard's advice and goes into the referendum with a soft three-part question that includes the sovereignty and sovereignty-association options, he could win.

Such a victory has been largely discounted because the rest of Canada would never accept equal partnership with a province that represents less than a quarter of the country's population and only 21 per cent of Canada's gross domestic product. But if the referendum produces even a weak 50-50 per cent combined vote for the sovereignty and sovereignty-association options, and the rest for independence, the president of the Republic of France could push the gain and strategically grant diplomatic recognition to the new Republic of Québec. That would cast the Ottawa-Québec Gay negotiations into a highly volatile and even dangerous context of two nations dividing the spoils, instead of a provincial premier attempting to see if he can make a deal.

Chirac has left little doubt about where he stands. During the Parizeau visit to Paris last January, he made a firm commitment to recognize an independent Québec, stating that "if Québec's desire to leave is sovereign, France will do so despite the strong first to say we will accompany those along that road." Then, he went even further, pointing out that not only France, but 40 or so other French-speaking countries would be sure to follow. "It seems to us that the French-speaking nations should immediately be at the side of Québec and support and recognize this new nation."

*French recognition of Québec could turn the post-referendum talks into the scary prospect of two nations dividing the spoils*

Ottawa would have a difficult time objecting to such recognition, since the Ministry of External Affairs granted similar unofficial diplomatic status to Ukraine and several other former Soviet and Yugoslav republics in the early 1990s, in order to help them gain legitimacy. Québec could thus gain its independence through the back door, not by winning a straightforward referendum on the issue, but by accepting the offer by France and the rest of the French-speaking nations to support an endorsement of sovereignty-association as being good enough to warrant recognition of statehood.

It's in this context that the referendum strategy of Bouchard takes on added significance. Persuading Parizeau to back off the independence platform on which he was elected on Sept. 12, 1994, and having him opt instead for sovereignty-association seems to be good sense. Except for one thing: The even better sense of the Québec people. The hard-core separatists may be wondering what has happened to their leader. It's not just that Parizeau has abandoned his election platform—surely all promises meant John Klein are guilty of that. But by agreeing to back sovereignty-association, what Parizeau has done is to enlist himself in the fight for the

very cause that he opposed—and over which he resigned from the René Lévesque cabinet in 1984. No one can accuse consistency from their politicians, but that's too profound a paradox to leave Parizeau with any credibility. More and more, Jacques Parizeau reminds me of American aviator Norman Mailer's description of Robert Wagner, then Mayor of New York City: "He was a little man, plump, crowned, balding. He had the rounded, slightly worried look of the first barber in a good barbershop, the kind who would go to the back on his day off and wear a green transparent stone in a gold ring."

What this fall's referendum will come down to, if there is one, will not be the wording of the question, the tailored credibility of Jacques Parizeau, the marketing of Daniel Johnson or the interventions of Jean Chénier and Jean Charest—but the good sense of Québec voters. Of all Canadians, they have in the past demonstrated a truly remarkable collective wisdom, voting in federal elections in a way that would give their province its maximum clout in Ottawa.

"Come referendum time, much will be made of the need to vote Yes to give Québec a strong hand in bargaining for a better deal," recently wrote Norman Webster, the former editor and now columnist of the *Montreal Gazette*, who also writes for *Le Devoir*, and is the loudest voice in the province. "But the whole idea is bunkers—no, not the idea of an independent country, but the notion that Québec can tear itself away from Canada while retaining all the advantages of the current union. Forget it, divorce with bedroom privileges is not on. Once the family unit has been ruptured, there will be no special accommodations. Negotiations would be between a large party and a small one, with the large one arranging things to suit itself and the smaller picking up what it could."

That's true enough and Prime Minister Chirac, having been ambushed by president-elect Clinton while in Paris last week—Clinton said he was too busy to meet with the PM, who was in Paris for 10 days before Clinton—has been also telling Québecers that sovereignty-association is simply out on its ear, as he turns a bit more hawkish on the issue. At the same time, the Parti Québécois is becoming increasingly emboldened in its confrontation with Christian Picard, Québec chief of the Assembly of First Nations in recent months. Picard says it has become clear that any move towards Québec sovereignty would not sacrifice native rights comparable to their protection now under the Canadian Constitution. At the same time, Québec Gay has confirmed it will offer self-government to nations only on territory they fully own. As a result, there has been a dramatic escalation in Indian claims, with the natives now proclaiming they are entitled to the entire province, except for a small triangle around Drummondville.

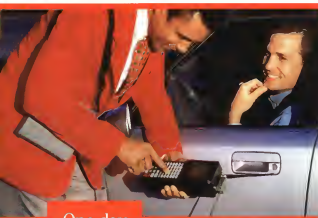
With the Indians pulling Québec away from separation, and Paris pulling the other way, it should make for an interesting contest. My money is on the First Nations.

What a day. Louie.  
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## PEOPLE

### ACTING THE PART

Canadian actress **Nave Campbell** has recently had the chance to work with several of TV's wisest actors. In Fox TV's family drama *Party of Five*, she worked almost daily with teen heartthrobs **Matthew Fox** and **Scott Wolf**. Then, during the show's six-season, Campbell teamed up with **Shirley Temple**. The *Next Generation* is related next episode, **Patrick Stewart**, to film *The Godfather* (Campbell, to be broadcast on ABC TV this August). But Campbell says that her main reasons are more than just handsome. Their acting ability also sets them apart, she says, adding, "They are really nice people—that is the real thing about them." Campbell, 36, who is married to a TV producer, had her professional debut at age 16 in first city's production of *The Phoenix* by the *Chicago* way. But she is filled with her many fans. Still, she remains down to earth. "You have to remember that what we do is a commitment," she says. "We aren't saving the world."

### FLOGGING GOLF

A 51-year-old Canadian actor **Leslie Nielsen** is becoming famous again. In the past 10 years, his directorial roles in *Police Squad* and *Three Men in a Cradle* have made him one of Hollywood's most popular comic actors. In them, he sports the characters he wrote played so earnestly in the 1950s to the 1970s: the wisest good guy. Now, the *Police Squad* Nielsen is making out a name as "the guru of bad golf." His 1994 video, *Bad Golf Made Easy*, has already sold 250,000 copies. And Nielsen has just published his *Good Golf* book, which is full of advice for the

average golfer. It includes such gems as "the little pencils are free," and the reminder to tell an opponent who is using up a four-bit putt that "under the rating system it's actually a putt of just over 1,200 millimeters." Nielsen, who has just come from the lead role in director **Neil LaBute**'s comic version of the samurai myth *Graveyard Book*, says his book should be a best-seller. "There are 30 million golfers in the world, but only 500 play good golf," he explains. "The other 49,999,950 need a book they can relate to."



Nielsen, looking a bad game easy

### BACK IN THE RING

It was third-time lucky—barely—for 46-year-old boxer **David Marcorio**. After two other unsuccessful stints in boxing, Marcorio, the Canadian middleweight champion from 1978 to 1981, last week won a controversial split decision over **Joey Box** *Swade*, 32, of Bel River Crossing, N.B. The rightmost fight was the main event in an 11-hour card in Marcorio's home town of Quebec City. But even some of his fans said that they wished he had not followed as the favorite of world heavyweight **George Foreman** and stepped back into the ring in his city. **David Marcorio**, 74, who made a 30-hour car ride from Quebec to watch the fight. "Marcorio used to be a great fighter, but you wouldn't know it watching him now," Marcorio says. "I thought I handled myself pretty well, considering it was the first time I'd ever fought a boxer," he said. But perhaps his boxer-old son, **Ely**, had summed up the match. "It was kind of fun and kind of scary," he declared.



Marcorio, controversial

### THE POET IN EXILE

**Port DuBois** has experienced many changes in his life since he fled Canada on June 4, 1969—the day that he witnessed the *sliding* in *Thammasat* Square. In exile from his homeland since then, **Port DuBois** has obtained landed immigrant status in Canada. But he is also away from his adopted home/land for several months at a time, when he is witness-memorial at services as far afield as England, Germany and Holland. Next month, the Toronto-based **Port DuBois**, 45, will release his first book in Canada, *Choosing the Sea*, which has been translated

into English. The poems, he says, are about "nature, dogs, people, love, the most—a lot of different things." The poet adds that he is grateful for the support and recognition of his new friends and associates in the literary field. Still, says **Port DuBois**, whose original name is **Li Shih-shing**, was not difficult to leave behind all that he loved, including his job as a journalist for a national newspaper. "Now," he says wisely, "I am on the other side of the fence, recorder. I killed the quoniam."



Port DuBois' nature, dogs, feelings

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

BY WIREN CARAGATA

**I**t is quite a neighborhood. Pornstar magazine is there, along with amateur pornography purveyors offering graphic portraits of seemingly every form of sexual activity, from lesbian porn to bestiality. There is *Internet Zandri's* pornhouse that the Holocaust never happened. And the forbidden screens of the Kink! Harlequin case are revealed for those who cannot wait for the erotica, as is presented in the *Paul Bernardo* murder trial. This neighborhood is the Internet, and the criminals have moved in. Some of the crimes, like identity, sex families, but others have taken new forms, from information theft to the sabotage of computer systems with data-deleting viruses.

Although the neighborhood has much to recommend it, the dark side of the Net has people worried. There have been calls for laws to regulate and censor what moves across its wires. New laws, says Liberal MP Roy Pughthian, who is pushing for tighter control, will demonstrate that "we will not tolerate these types of activity." The problem is figuring out how to impose these laws in a computer network originally designed to withstand a nuclear war. "The Internet recently celebrated as a hardware failure and just works around it," says Michael Martinovic, vice-president of North Inc., a Halifax company that provides Internet connections.

Canada has so far not experienced the kind of cybercrime wave seen at the United States, where most of the reported cases have occurred (page 50). In one of the most celebrated U.S. cases, computer hacker Kevin Mitnick was arrested last February in North Carolina and charged with stealing more than \$1 million worth of data and thousands of credit-card numbers. In another, Jake Baker, a University of Michigan student, was arrested on threat charges against a fellow student after he wrote a fictitious letter about a woman—named after one of his classmates—who was raped and ter-

The dark side of the Internet—from hate messages to stealing information—is prompting calls for censorship and regulation

# CRIME IN CYBERCITY

ried. In Canada, only a last-minute check prevented the earlier version of February's federal budget from spreading an unwanted computer virus. Then, last March, officials at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver found that hackers had broken into the university's computer system and stolen about 3,000 passwords. And in April, Calgary police charged Alan Morton, 35, with multiple counts of possession of child pornography, alleging that he was part of a porn ring linked by international computer networks (page 58).

The Internet has stretched the concept of what the law means, where it applies and to whom it applies. Copyright law, privacy law, broadcasting law, the law against spreading hate, laws governing tirades all are coming up against the technology of the Internet. "It presents challenges to the law because of the fact that it is presented

in a substantially different form," explains David Johnston, a law professor at Montreal's McGill University who chairs the federal government's advisory council on the information highway. "That form, therefore, requires some adjustment and, some would say, very substantial stretching."

Last week in Ottawa, MP approved Pughthian's motion urging the government to get tough with hate on the Internet, with lawmakers all parties voicing their support. "Cybercrime is a free-for-all," says Robert MP Keith Martin. Pughthian, a self-spoken Winnipeg politician, told Martin's that the hate messages he has seen have been "very scary" and would have a harmful effect on young children. While he acknowledges enforcement would not be easy, he says that is not the point. "To say degree we can, we have to confront this"

The government, Pughthian believes, will move quickly to set up new rules. The reason for his optimism lies in remarks by Justice Minister Allan Rock—made over the Internet—suggesting that Ottawa was on the verge of action. "We are now considering new laws to establish limits on the use of the Internet and other forms of communication," Rock said. But one justice department official, on condition of anonymity, said that no draft has been taken as far as to tighten up enforcement.

In fact, the government is still trying to come to grips with the nature of the Internet, conscious of the reality that this electronic neighborhood of bits and bytes can be a force of good. Ask Craig Hunsford, an RCMP Internet expert in Ottawa, says: "The vast majority of the use of the Internet is totally and completely legitimate." But, he adds, "the way

and police forces, and I think they're not going to like what they see." But the debate is actually age-old and both sides in the battle that society sets on free expression. In no other message, says Angelianna, a University of Victoria computer science graduate, laid Markovitz: "This is NOT a computing issue—it is a civil liberties issue."

Freedom of expression is enshrined in the Charter of Rights, and the courts have generally protected it from government encroachment. Although the Supreme Court has not yet ruled on any Internet cases, a speech late last year by Justice John Sopinka gave some hint of how it might respond. While Sopinka observed that rights are not absolute, he made it clear that the court would not easily endorse wide-ranging restrictions. The court has struck down a municipal law prohibiting posters on public property, he said, and then inflating

continuity, you have a small percentage of people who are criminals."

Michael Bender, assistant deputy minister at the industry department, asks another key question: "How would you regulate it?" Computer and legal experts all agree that enforcement is difficult. Still, a consultant of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police has made several recommendations. One would make it illegal to possess computer hacking programs, those used to break into computer systems. Another would make the use of computer networks and telephone lines useful in the commission of a crime a crime in itself. The committee also recommends agreements with the United States that would allow police officials to make inquiries to search computer data banks. But for the time being, Bender says, the government is in no rush to rewrite the statute books. "We don't know how it will evolve," he said. "We don't want to stifle communication. We don't want to shut down the Net."

It is pornography that stirs the most controversy. But while there is no doubt that pornography is popular, it amounts to a trickle compared with everything else available on the Net. And as any web page a stage can stand will demonstrate, dirty pictures are not automatically obscene under the Criminal Code. David Jones, president of Electronic Frontier Canada and a computer science professor at McMaster University in Hamilton, says the Internet should be governed in the same way as other media. "Pornography is not illegal in Canada," Jones says. "Visit Young Street in Toronto or watch cable TV if you have any doubts."

Much of the debate about the Internet arises because it is so new. "We're just sort of making up to it," says Ian Kyrer, president of Computer Law Association Inc. and a lawyer with the Toronto firm of Fasken Campbell & Gaudy. "Now that it's an everyday thing, it's coming to the attention of the legislators and police forces, and I think they're not going to like what they see." But the debate is actually age-old and both sides in the battle that society sets on free expression. In no other message, says Angelianna, a University of Victoria computer science graduate, laid Markovitz: "This is NOT a computing issue—it is a civil liberties issue."

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added: "It may be said that the electronic media such as the Internet are the posters of the late 20th century."

Almost like posters on telephone poles, the Internet appears to defy censorship, as every given its roots in a research network for the U.S. defense department, which is as free of censorship as one can get. It, too, has its controls. E-mail messages are passed from computer systems to computer systems in milliseconds, and the network instantly recognizes a web site's servers and its connecting telephone lines. It crosses borders in less time than it takes to cross most streets, and connections to Australia or Asia are as commonplace as dialing Ottawa or Washington. It is the Web's very lack of boundaries that make law enforcement so difficult. "One of the real problems with the law of the Internet is to figure out where does the offense occur?" says Kiper.

The elusive nature of the Net is illustrated by a recent case in which a postal inspector in Tennessee downloaded pornography from a computer bulletin board in California. The board operator in California was charged and convicted in Tennessee, based on that state's community standards. The decision, says Richard Pitt, CEO of Winnipeg's Winnetix Services, a Vancouver-based Internet provider, strikes fear into the hearts of computer network operators. They may discover, says Kiper, that the Net may fall subject to regulation in every jurisdiction it touches. "It's a frightening prospect to think that we are all being bound by the laws of the most strict and puritanical jurisdiction."

The problems of enforcing one nation's laws on the Net are illustrated by the gambling case. A company called Sports International has established a betting site on the World Wide Web. For two years, the bookmaker, based on the island of Antigua, has been taking bets on Canadian and American sports events, with bets paid by bank transfers. Next fall, it will become a virtual casino, offering roulette and blackjack to clients—including Canadians—betting thousands of miles away at their computer screens. Is it illegal? "The question," says Hanesford, "is where is it taking place?" On balance, he says, "probably there's not a whole lot that can be done."

Zandell, a Tennessee publisher with international fax-to-fax connections, has an outpost on the World Wide Web, an Internet service that connects text and graphics with the seamless ability to move from one database to another using a technology known as hyper-text links. Information about Zandell's case is posted on an Orange County, Calif., computer by Greg Bowen, associated with the Institute for Historical Review. Bowen says he set up the Web site to disseminate Zandell's news after a previous site, also in the United States, was shut down by the Internet provider. In addition, the online magazine of the white supremacist Heritage Fund is based on a Web server in Florida.

The saying on the Net is that bits have no boundaries, and that is equally true of trust. Pornography might be sent from a computer in Manitoba to a computer in the United States and then to a computer in Europe, where it may reside, perfectly within the laws of that country. Canadian police forces can ask for help from foreign avail-

## A NET SURFER'S GLOSSARY

**USENET:** discussion groups on the Internet, where users discuss, post or download text files and images. Each newsgroup is devoted to a particular subject, from gardening to O.J. Simpson to localities.

**WORLD WIDE WEB:** a menu-based approach to navigating the Internet that uses hypertext links, highlighted words that, with the click of a mouse button, take surfers to other sites on the Web.

**TELNET:** a tool that allows users to log on to a remote computer, control it, and even run programs.

**INTERNET RELAY CHAT:** sites where surfers can exchange messages almost instantaneously with others on the Internet. Like Usenet newsgroups, IRC sites are devoted to specific topics.

gators—but may not get it. A case may not be a priority, especially if the alleged crime is not illegal in that country. "International investigations don't move that quick," Hanesford notes. And Kiper points out that just as some small countries have sometimes set traps for up-and-coming cybercriminals, others could find it profitable to become data havens. The problems are pushing governments to talk about international treaties governing data flows, but so far little has been done.

Confronted with the difficulty of trying to push up to something as nebulous as the Net, some critics and government officials are bemoaning that Internet service providers—companies like NSM or Winnetix that, for a fee, will look up companies and individuals—can police the Net themselves. The information highway that would encourage the providers to develop a code of ethics, is the same way that broadcasters have been "encouraged" to regulate themselves in the transmission of violent television programs. The Net providers say they cannot hope to control what flows over their networks and trust that they will eventually be considered common carriers, as the telephone companies are, fined from liability for what people say and do over the phone. There have been no clear Canadian court tests. But a U.S. decision suggests that as long as on-line services do not provide content, they may not be liable for the information they carry; in other words, they would be treated as a library or bookstore, not a publisher.

At Winnetix, Pitt says postings in newsgroups—the equivalents of computer-based bulletin boards—add up to more than 100 megabytes

a day, the equivalent of maybe 50 million words. On the advice of its lawyers, Winnetix does not provide its subscribers with access to the newsgroups dealing with pedophilia or bestiality, but there is nothing stopping visitors from posting an obscene picture to any newsgroup, no matter what the subject.

**Web pages: gambling on horses, lottery and football, details of the Karla Homolka trial and details of the Holocaust**

which quickly became a place to exchange information covered by a court-ordered publication ban, it was, says Pitt, like sticking a finger in a leaking dike. "It showed up in so many places on our machines that there was no possibility" that they could control it, he says. As the Supreme Court said last year in a decision setting new rules for publication bans, "In this global electronic age, increasingly recognizing the threat of information as becoming increasingly difficult." As Canadians try to come to grips with the Internet, one legal expert says the government should tread cautiously to avoid strapping a powerful restraint. Jan Pottinger, a professor of media law at the University of British Columbia and legal counsel for WIC, Western International Communications Ltd., says the Internet and the debate over it could help Canadians redefine the limits of control. "We should err on the side of tolerance," he says, "and we should err on the side of freedom of expression." □

# What on earth did they put in the over there?

It says "Volvo" on it. There, all resemblance ends between Volvo as you know it and the limited edition, 240-horsepower, sport-suspensioned, turbocharged performance machine you see pictured here. It's called the Volvo T-5R. It also comes in black.

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# THE NEW VOLVO T-5R

BY JOE CHIDLEY

*His fingers tap lightly over the keyboard. With the push of a return key, a string of characters—sent in the arcane language of computers—scrolls onto the black-and-white display in front of him. "OK," he says. "I'm in." Suddenly, horizontal rows of letters and numbers scroll from left to right across the screen—meaningful to the uninitiated eye. But for the hacker, the onslaught of data contains information, perhaps incriminating. With the aid of his pocket trigger, a program that scans him every keyboard on every computer on the network, he can tell that somebody at another terminal is playing a game online after a typing a message. And here, the story he's been waiting for: somebody is logging on. "There it is," says the hacker, pointing to the screen. "There's the user ID—and there's the password."*

With that knowledge, the hacker can log in as the other user, take over his computer account or retrieve confidential files. If the person whose password he has stolen uses a high-level network server—a prime administrative or top-level computer—could he be the hacker's key to other users, other networks, other secrets? And then, if he is smart enough, he could bring the whole system to a crashing halt.

# CRACKING THE NET

It is only a test. The ostensible culprit is Ian Goldberg, a 25-year-old computer science/mathematics student at the University of Waterloo. And he is playing around on the network that links the dorms or on computers in the southwestern Ontario school's computer science club. So this hack, he explains, is "perfectly legal."

But the exercise has a serious point. The night before speaking with *Wired*, Goldberg compiled the sniffer program to show "exactly how bad most network security is." And although he is a programming whiz (he headed for the University of California at Berkeley that fall to pursue a doctorate in computer graphics, even Goldberg seems surprised at how easily he could break into the club's system. That elapsed time for writing the program and testing it: about 48 minutes. "It's very much a concern," Goldberg says. "You don't want people watching what you're doing, and you especially don't want people seeing your password." Then they can become you, pretend they're you, and do anything they want.

It seems ironic—the greater the exchange of information, the more likely it is that somebody will overhear. And today, everybody from secretaries to CEOs is hooked into local area networks, or LANs. On a global scale, 35 million people are linked to the Internet. Workers store live letters on their office terminals, merge corporations and universities into networks via electronic mail. And increasingly, that material proves a lure for the hacker—the single

stake, sometimes stolen via computer virus, involved by greed or self-aggrandizement, who interrupts the data flow and takes it to his own ends.

How serious is hacking? In 1989, the Computer Emergency Response Team, a nonprofit organization that monitors security issues throughout North America from its base at the Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, reported 138 computer intrusions. Last year, the team reported 2,341. And in recent months, a few celebrated cases have shed a new light on the hacker's afterworldly activities. One notorious hacker in American Kevin Mitnick, a 31-year-old computer junkie arrested by the FBI in February for allegedly pilfering more than \$1 million worth of data and 300,000 credit-card numbers through the Internet. Still, the new wave of network hacking is permeating fresh problems for companies, universities and law-enforcement officials in every industrialized country. And Canada is no exception.

As computing services director for the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Jack Leigh has had more experience with security breaches than any site deserves. Two years ago, someone broke into the university's computer network, which links thousands of terminals to one another and the Internet. Vancouver later have

since arrested a teenager and charged him with unauthorized use of a computer system and mischief to data; his identity is protected under the Young Offenders Act.

But for Leigh, the latest hacking incident had a less extraordinary outcome: In March, technicians discovered a sniffer program on the UBC network of almost 4,000 computers. A subsequent investigation revealed that the program—and therefore the hackers who had installed it—had retrieved about 3,000 user passwords. After discovering the problem, Leigh says, there was very little the university could

Goldberg, UW's resident eighth-grader, says he and his friends have used the program to find their way into the Internet—critics contend that the technology could just as well be used by crackers. "They're saying that it's not a hacker's tool in your company," says Thomas Healey, Toronto-based general manager of the business division of Andersen Consulting, who advises corporations and government agencies on information-high-way issues. "But you know, 70 rather not see that on the Internet."

who intrude on computer networks to do damage, commit fraud or steal data, are known as "crackers."

By other means, they now have an arsenal of technologies to help them in their quest for secrets. Cracking tools are readily available, thanks largely to the Internet. In several newspapers in the United States, hackers offer to exchange such devices as password crackers, file shredders and the packet snifferer, Tripwire.

Among the most controversial cracking tools is Satin, an acronym for Security Administrator Tool for Analyzing Networks. Developed by former employees of Mountain View, Calif.-based Silicon Graphics Inc., Satin attacks a network in much the same way a reasonably knowledgeable hacker would. The idea is that legitimate system administrators can use Satin to discover areas that need fixing. But because its crackers have released the program as freeware—for anybody to download from the Internet—critics contend that the technology could just as well be used by crackers. "They're saying that it's not a hacker's tool in your company," says Thomas Healey, Toronto-based general manager of the business division of Andersen Consulting, who advises corporations and government agencies on information-high-way issues. "But you know, 70 rather not see that on the Internet."

If Canada has a cyber-cop, it is Sgt. Doug Durako. As computer support NCO for the Vancouver detachment of the RCMP, 35, his investigation—and just coincidentally in seven hacking cases since 1987. His latest is Malik Woodruff, a 22-year-old programmer who in 1988 broke into St. John's Fraser University's computer accounts. "He was using another person's account to surf the Internet, brag about his computer, download software—the things normally associated with hacking," Durako says. In March, Woodruff pleaded guilty to a charge of mischief to data. He was ordered to pay a \$1,000 fine and put in 200 hours of community service.

But the Internet, Durako says, is making enforcement in cyberspace more difficult. "Rather than dealing with local police, now we have the international connectivity," he adds. "Say you have a company located in Toronto and the resident originates in Australia—in Ontario going to try to bring these people to trial here in Canada? These issues haven't been resolved in this country."

Like other computer-science specialists, Durako acknowledges that many cases go unreported—particularly those that involve corporations. "Is it all cases?" he says. "There's a reluctance from businesses to report facts, because of the consequences of doing so on a business point of view."

In fact, the real costs of network hacking to business are among the least-kept secrets in cyberspace: that there are plenty of hits. Of 1,271 North American companies surveyed by the accounting firm Ernst & Young in 1994, more than 50 per cent reported financial losses in the previous two years related to information security. And clearly, the potential for security breaches is growing. In the same survey, 45 per cent of companies said that they use the Internet or other public networks to exchange important business data.

There are ways for corporations to safeguard against hackers—and the demand for safety has led to a boom industry in data security. Security measures range from user IDs and passwords to biometric, voiceprint or retinal scan technologies. Another approach is public key encryption, used in business packages such as Entrust, produced by Ottawa-based Netscape Networks, Kansas City, or VeriSign, a subsidiary of Netscape that only the intended recipient can read. And, it can create digital signatures that help to ensure electronic documents are authentic. Says Ross Reid, director of business development for Nuclei Secure Networks, "The use of encryption technologies is taking off right now."

System administrators typically link network activity, looking for signs of irregularity that might indicate an unauthorized user. Last November at the University of Western Ontario in London, adminis-

For the good citizens of the Internet, a new wave of hackers is making business risky



de about it. Investigations of security breaches are notoriously difficult. The investigator has to monitor an ongoing pattern of intrusions, painstakingly tracing them back to the intruder on the other end of the network. "Because it takes so long, and because of the extent of the information they had," says Leigh, "we decided to take drastic action and shut the system down."

Leigh has his theories about who broke into the system—he suspects the hackers used the Internet to attack from a computer site in the United States, with help from someone in Canada. But shifting down the 3,000 accounts, which allowed legitimate users to obtain new passwords, erased any chance of catching the hackers. Now, Leigh says, "the only thing we can do is wait for the next network."

To be precise, most hackers are people who simply love playing with computers. True, they may break security measures as a sport—but they do it just for fun, or because they think the laws need to be pointed out. The malicious subset of the hacker community,

traders discovered someone knocking at the door of several crypto networks. "It got noticed because somebody was trying to do rapid scans," says David Wiseman, network manager for the department of computer science. "Somebody had been trying to force a hole through a fairly well-known bug—which had already been patched." Pulling out his regular duties, Wiseman tracked the hacker to the University of Toronto. Using an Ethernet sniffer from the Toronto site, the hacker "had gotten accounts and passwords from all over the place," Wiseman says.

As hackers go, Wiseman admits this one was neither very good nor very creative. The investigation suggested that he was following—most for word—cookbooks posted on the Internet by a thrush group calling itself *0.0.4*. "A supposed group of talented hackers out to make everyone feel better by telling everyone how to break in," Wiseman says. *Praxis* No. 24, when he began the investigation, through December, Wiseman watched the hacker go through his routine: "He started at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and would go till 4 in the morning sometimes," he recalls. "He would literally go through hundreds and hundreds of sites trying to break in."

In the process, the hacker acquired passwords and accounts to computer systems at IBM, Harvard University and several universities in Ontario.

On Dec. 20, seven officers seized the suspect's computer equipment. Adam Sullivan, 20, of Toronto is charged with nine counts of fraudulent use of a computer and 11 counts of related to data, which carry a maximum sentence of 10 years. He is to appear in court in Toronto on May 30. Sullivan's lawyer, Joseph Blumenthal, declined to discuss the case, but he would say that "most of the people running all of these sectors [of the Criminal Code] are computer misusers who don't have a big threat of criminality in their personalities." He added: "They are curious people with excellent minds—and using them."

What is the motivation for hackers? The answers are probably as numerous as the ways to crack into a computer network. Some hackers contend that their pursuit is both harmless and

educational—they break security barriers, they say, only to learn more about computers. Wiseman will have none of that: "I ask them to demonstrate to me how I can let them apart from the ones who are malicious," he says. Others—expansive of the cyberpunk movement—which sees the electronic frontier as a battlefield between the forces of liberty and the forces of repression—contend that hacking is an exercise in freedom of speech. One popular tagline on articles in the hacker Usenet groups is "No more secrets"—a line from the 1990 film *Sneakers*, about techno-security specialists feigning as evil conspirators.

Pop culture, too, has glamorized cyberspace and its putative information intruders. Sandra Bullock, star of *Speed* and *While You Were Sleeping*, is set to headline a new movie. The *Nit*, as a computer expert once beamed in a web of cyberspace intrigue and stolen secrets. Suddenly, computers have become sexy. And given place a part in a recent survey of hackers in New York, nearly all respondents said that they had been approached by corporations who asked that they conduct industrial espionage.

But for the bulk of hackers, their pursuit has more to do with the one-on-one and the logistical skills of the computer community. Cyberspace, for one thing, is remarkably state. Only 30 per cent of World Wide Web users, studies show, are men. Is that testosterone-charged realm, hackers contend for bragging rights. "And those are better than the other set of crackers, who get in to change things," says computer whiz Goldberg. "The motivation for that is to be really invisible."

Maybe some hackers even want to get caught. Recently, in Salt Lake City, Utah, state officials arrested a 19-year-old boy who they suspect had been operating a complex Internet fraud that generated him more than \$10,000. Charged with computer and credit card fraud, as well as theft, the youth, who was not identified because of his age, fully cooperated with the police. Detailed investigator Jeff Robinson: "He said, 'Here, take my computer. Every time I get in it, I get into trouble.'"

epidemic. It is estimated that two or three new viruses are written each day. Most experts believe that a virus is created by an individual, downchannel computer virus, frequently called a "welder" (welder's hackers). The effects may be benign or one variation of the famous Stoned virus, mostly designed to play a message calling for the legalization of marijuana. Other viruses, however, can scramble files or create a frenzy of duplication that may cause a computer's microchip to fail.

The rapid increase in computer networks, with their millions of users exchanging vast amounts of information, has only made the problem worse. Crackers have also succeeded in tampering software sold by brand-name manufacturers. A clutch of companies offer antiviral programs, capable of detecting viruses before they have a chance to spread. Such programs, with names like Thunder!Net, VirusRx and F-Protect, find the majority of viruses.

But Douglas Forbes, a systems engineer with anti-virus company Symantec Inc. in Toronto, says that virus detection is likely to remain a serious problem because of the ingenuity of crackers. One new type of virus, known as polymorphic, evades detection by changing slightly each time it replicates itself. The best defense, Forbes says, is to ensure that all new material is scanned by a current anti-virus program. "It's like insurance," he says. "You don't usually need it, but once something happens, you're really glad to have it."

PATRICIA GREENGLASS

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LOTUS  
Noting Your

Post-Internet, half-freaks and people with a passion for D.J. Simpson prosecutor Marcia Clark can find Usenet newsgroups devoted to their dooms. Digitally scanned images of beauty, beauty blends—even naked boys and girls—populate cyberspace. Cyberporn is nothing new, of course: It flourished during the 1980s through the popularity of bulletin board systems, or BBSes, locally operated database nodes that often offered pornography and erotic chat. But with the increasing glare of the Internet—30 million users and counting—computer porn has taken off. In 1994, a U.S. survey showed that more than 650,000 pornographic images and text files were available to Internet users around the world, that material had been accessed more than 1 million times. The users are remarkable for their rudeness away—not for their spelling. “DIS PLACE ILLEST” one writer, calling himself Dragoobal, announced in the newsgroup alt.sex.erotica.monkey. “All this cool stuff should be posted every nine or so.”

Others—legislators, law-enforcement officials and women's groups around the world—disagree. The Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police last October recommended that the federal government create a specific Criminal Code offense for the distribution of pornography over computer networks. In Singapore, authorities announced plans to establish a “neighborhood police post” on the Internet to monitor and receive complaints of criminal activity—including the distribution of pornography. And in the United States, Senator James Eastman, a Democrat from Nebraska, has introduced a bill—officially opposed by civil liberties organizations and computer users groups—that would outlaw the electronic distribution of words or images that are “obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent.” Said Eastman, “I want to keep the information safe, right away from assembling a red-light district.”

Of particular concern to the forces of law is the presence of child pornography. On the Internet, there are several newsgroups devoted to discussions or distribution of pictures and stories that sexually depict children. Possession of such material is an offense under the Canadian Criminal Code—but it is not in other countries. And now, police are concerned that a shadowy pedophiles' ring, offering child pornography and information on where and how to indulge their lecher, is operating on an international scale.

In Calgary last month, police say they discovered a trace of kid e-porn in the home of a man who had already been charged with sexual assault and sexual contact with a child. “We seized several dozen videotapes, wrote a communication and computer disks, and it all depicted child porn abuse,” says Staff Sgt. Fred Belmont, who is in charge of the child abuse unit for the Calgary Police Department. The evidence, he adds, indicates a national and international child pornography operation spanning from computers in Canada, the United States and Europe. As his hotline, St. has placed out guilty to St. changes of possession of child pornography, is able to trace the sexual assault and contact charges.

# RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

From S&M to bestiality, porn flourishes on the Internet



Still, child pornography constitutes a very small portion of the total usage available on the Internet. And critics claim that proposed legislation such as the Eason bill is an overreaction. In the United States, for instance, less than one per cent of the more than 15,000 newsgroups are devoted to sexual material. And it is not as if other nations are standard with explicit images. Users have to go looking for the images in the unorganized and complex network, and even then need special devices. Any attempt to control pornography on the Internet would also create a host of practical problems. The sheer bulk of information passed on the network—the equivalent of about 300 paperback pages per second, by conservative estimates—would be a daunting challenge for any would-be censor to act through.

An example of the difficulty—or inability—of trying to control Internet pornography is provided by a recent statement at the University of Waterloo in Ontario. In February, 1994, citing legal concerns, the university administration banned five newsgroups—all involving, all but incidentally, alternative, alternative and alternative—on the grounds that they were obscene. One of those, administrators at a follow-up discussion group to other groups, including recent erotica, which actually posts dirty stories. “So you have this crazy newsgroup,” says Jeffrey Shultz, an associate professor of computer science at the university, “to which you can post stories and read them through newsgroups—but you can't discuss them.” Not caught in the university's net were dozens of other Usenet groups—some offering pornographic pictures of children—as well as links to the authors of World Wide Web sites and other areas of the Internet devoted to sex.

Shultz—who does double-duty as the treasurer of Electronic Frontier Canada, an organization devoted to maintaining free speech in cyberspace—says that government and media attention has blown the issue of pornography on the Internet out of proportion. And as academics are wont to do, he has come up with a theory for the phenomenon: he pinpoints claims from Shultz's law. The first is, “Every new medium of expression will be used for sex.” The second: “Every new structure of expression will come under attack, usually because of Shultz's first law.”

JOE CHILLEY

# REALITY CHECK

Critic Shultz 1989 best-seller, *The Cuckoo's Egg*, on account of how he tracked down a German hacker ring that was stealing American military secrets, made him a cyberspace celebrity. Now, in the eyes of many computer enthusiasts, he is a cyberspace hero. In *Silicon Shocks*, Old Second Thoughts on the Information Highway, Shultz, an entrepreneur and computer expert, details the joys of the Information Revolution. He controls that the Internet, launched in 1969, is now a network of shared information—much of it in the shape of pornography—online. He says the Internet will never live up to its promise. Last week the Berkeley, Calif.-based author, 44, spoke to Maclean's Associate Editor Joe Chilly about the Internet and the strange Silicon Shocks Oil has created. Excerpt.

**Maclean's:** What prompted you to write this book now, after more than 20 years online?

**Shultz:** I've been hearing this dick hype talk for the past two years about the wonder-land of the Digital Age. But there's a gap between the promises and the reality that I face when I turn on my modem, that someone ought to call the bluff. The falsehood of the Internet is that it will provide us with close, meaningful relationships, with cheap, good information and with useful life. Within each one of those promises is a grain of truth, but on balance they are empty lies.

**Maclean's:** Critics say that you are trying to shut the master out of the Internet. And you want to reserve it for yourself and other nerds.

**Shultz:** And I think understanding down-to-earth people? And the opposite, I don't want for the good old days when computers were expensive and I was one of the digital. I think it's worthwhile getting on-line—but then asking real questions about it. Am I getting anything out of this? There are plenty of things happening in the world that don't need a computer. When my computer goes down, I can live quite well for a day or a week or a month. But when my drift is in, I'm in a bind. I'm not a glutton for punishment. I don't want to be better to teach some basic skills and skills rather than computer literacy.

What I fear is that technos have set up so many promises that others, when they come on-line, are sure to be let down. The Internet is not the key to the future. It's not going to provide great, wonderful information. Instead, it will continue to provide a rather random view of our very mundane world.

**Maclean's:** How would you like to be the Internet's pimp?

**Shultz:** I got my first modem in 1977, and I've been connected ever since. And it's not like the Internet is worthless—it's just that there's not much there. It's a low-grade source of information. There's a lot of art, and not many novels. And with every year that goes by, I find fewer and fewer nuggets and a lot more chaff.

The Internet needs content. It's a medium in desperate need of something to say. In the next 10 years, somebody will figure out how to charge for information over the Net, so you won't get things randomly for free. That will have several good effects, including a way



“There are plenty of things in the world that don't need a computer”

**Shultz:** as author of an cyber-celebrity questions the hype—and gets flamed for it

to pay authors for their work. And because of the economic incentive, it will become easier to filter out the good from the bad.

**Maclean's:** Does the Internet need to be regulated?

**Shultz:** I don't think legislation can do anything. It's mechanically impossible, because much of what happens on the Internet is international. Very tough to control, tough to regulate.

**Maclean's:** Are you concerned about the abundance of pornography on the Net?

**Shultz:** Well, I can't get worked up over it. I mean people say, “You're just put down because you're not in it.” Yeah, and to say, “It's true. So to say that you're everywhere in society, there are realities who will exploit children. Certainly, the child molester will find a way to use the computer networks to find victims—just as child molesters take advantage of cars and ordinary roadways to get around. But the concerns with cars and roadways go deeper than simply the fact that child molesters use them.”

**Maclean's:** What about the cyberpunk movement, which says the Internet is the last—and an endangered—nation of free speech?

**Shultz:** The cyberpunk movement typically says the Internet is the last—and an endangered—nation of free speech. It's 1984 all over again—you know, there's a Big Bad Brother knocking down our necks, burning books and keeping us from getting the real information. I think that's bogus. Much closer is Huxley's *Brave New World*, where Big Brother controls what we think not by preventing us from reading something, but by filling the awareness, the Usenet, the Internet—all our information sources—with junk. By so diffusing our information sources with trivial garbage, important literature never gets read.

**Maclean's:** How has the response been to the book?

**Shultz:** I've been flamed up and down the Usenet—I don't even look anymore. And if e-mail could kill anyone, I would have to be carried away from my keyboard in a plastic bag. I don't like it. I'm trying to resist the money-changers out of the temple—and they don't like it.



## On heroism and villainy in war

BY GEORGE BAIN

In the May 6 issue of *The Economist*, the illustration accompanying a special article on the 50th anniversary of VE Day is a search of shattered buildings in the distance and, close up, a man of people looking towards a gigantic blackboard on which are chalked the words Galt, Dettie, Detonations, Lies, Shame. The introduction to the article itself says: "Half a century after the end of the Second World War, how—and whether—to remember it still causes more anguish and ambivalence than pride among most of the people caught up in it. Far beyond reason."

The article titled *Misuses of War* then, in an accounting of the confabulations of various participants in all that subsequent anguish and ambivalence. The illustrators, for example, did the most, and at great cost, to destroy "the evil of Vietnam" but the Russians were not nice at home or abroad, before or after. In addition, they did suffer the great loss in the beginning of giving us an opportunistic moral reassessment post in August, 1989.

The Vicksy regime in France was "disastrously available in the Nazis," and the famed French Resistance was never as dedicated as effective as portrayed. The Italians were military aggressors before the Germans, and still hold the fact that their own resistance played a small role in bringing down the indigenous Fascist regime. The Japanese, though guilty of a catalogue of atrocities, remain reluctant to acknowledge responsibility, and allow their suffering in Hiroshima and Nagasaki to give them "a soothing sense of moral equivalence." The list, and details go on and on.

Germany's leading pain is not unshared, but *The Economist's* unnamed author upholds German frustration: "In apologies to its victims, Jews, Poles, and others, have been abundant, unconvincing and sincere. Its liberal, democratic credentials are now unimpeachable. Although arguments within the European Union can still recall some of Germany's Nazi past, few would now try to stop it from playing its part in the

world, including sending troops abroad."

No participant escapes—not altogether first, in the magazine's accounting. "On this 50th anniversary only two countries—Britain and the United States—obviously have cause to celebrate than to rue. And even they are not immune from guilt: Winston Churchill encapsulated better than anyone the will to defeat evil. His country, by and large, fought a clean, resolute and courageous war. Yet the use of nighttime area bombing over such towns as Dresden and Hamburg, which along with attacks by other Allies, may have killed 500,000 German civilians, was as morally questionable as the bombing of Hiroshima."

At this, the  *Economist's* reader panics. There he is, "Cerberus Allen," assigned to the ranks of the decently ruled—fairly enough if the magazine's premise about the bombing of Germany at night is correct—but excluded from the select company ("only two countries") of those who have "cause to celebrate than to rue."

If *The Economist* only knew as better, it would know that hardly ever we are told free about anything—perhaps perhaps except that if having bombed Germany by night

is crucial in separating the pure from the impure, why do we not enjoy purity with the Brits, with whom we did it?

Also, if so beset by acknowledgment of various wickednesses is an astonishing letter in *The Economist's* pages, should we not receive at least a good star for the very public, year-long mass eulogy we performed in 1982 over the bombing of Germany, led by the national broadcaster and joined in by most of the leading newspapers?

Here and there the anniversary of 50 Day has produced evidence that we are not done with that yet. Casual references in print to infomercials area bombing and a videotape campaign of terror directed at German civilians say that we haven't exhausted war crimes.

My own outrage, I'm afraid, have not been expunged, but in London recently, I stumbled on a sales for such as they were—in St. Bride's, a jewel of a Wren church in an alcove off Fleet Street.

The postwar restoration of St. Bride's was completed only in December, 1957, not long after I arrived as the *Globe and Mail's* London correspondent. I had visited several times since, just for the beauty of it, but this time the crypt was open and I went to have a look.

Along with much else—including some pieces of German weapons uncovered in the restoration—there was an display showing up in the crypt. The  *Economist's* London dispatch (Dec. 30, 1990) a series of headlines said: "Gigantic German attempt to set the City of London ablaze." "Goldhill in flames." "St. Bride's a blackened ruin." "Old study damaged." "St. Paul's saved just in time."

Another story was headed "The Germans City churches damaged." Under a subhead, "Deliberate," it said: "The air ministry and ministry of home security communicated to used today said, 'Last night the enemy dropped a large number of incendiary bombs on the City of London in a deliberate attempt to set fire to 6. Damage was done to some buildings.'" And another story: "Rumor since the raids began have incendiaries crashed down as they did last night, in one direction alone. 40 cars could be seen burning at one time."

There was probably the caution that was so lightly touched upon as to be missing from the CBC television film *Death by Moonlight*, which caused the great outcry by Canadian veterans. True, the earlier bombing of London was acknowledged but that—that was war. This, the great bomber offensive that began in earnest only in 1954—this was "area bombing," setting the same in incendiary bombs designed to set cities afire, with the same certain effect, whether deliberate or not, of killing people—was by the films infirmities not just war but the calculated targeting of German civilians, virtual massacres.

Read within the walls of a beautiful non-alleyway tower that had been left a shell page 1 of London's *Evening News*, Dec. 30, 1940, makes an effective palliative to "true."

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The four Canadian features going to Cannes are brave personal visions

# RENEGADES ON THE RIVIERA

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

**A**t the 1989 Cannes Film Festival, Quebec producer Denise Robert was having a drink with a friend one afternoon on the terrace of the Majestic Hotel, overlooking the French Riviera, when David Putnam stopped by her table. Putnam, the British producer of such Oscar-winning movies as *Chariot of Fire* (1983) and *The Killing Fields* (1984), asked what she was up to. Robert said she was working on a first film by a young Quebec director. She doubted that his name—Robert Lepage—would mean anything to him. "My God, he's wonderful!" said Putnam, who was well aware of Lepage's reputation as a maverick of the stage. The distinctly interested "Not waiting any time, Robert met Putnam in London the following week. He agreed to co-produce her movie. And this week, two years later, she is back at the Cannes Film Festival to unveil it: *The Confessionnal*, Lepage's feature debut, commands the May 18 opening night slot of the prestigious Directors' Fortnight program. And so the Cannes life cycle comes full circle, from the first festival of debt existing to the consummation of a new premiere.

For 13 days each spring, Cannes becomes the movie industry's hottest intersection of genre, glamour and art. Now in its 46th year, the festival is also the world's largest annual spec event, with 4,000 journalists stranding. The ball for this year's jostling frenzy includes Sharon Stone, Emma Thompson, Harvey Keitel, Nicholas Cage, Catherine Deneuve, Deane Cain, *Top Gun*, *Die Hard*, *Johnny Drip*, to name a few. But for all the glitz of its red-carpet gala and press opportunities, Cannes serves primarily as a showcase for Hollywood's next, less commercially-independently produced movie from around the world. Last year's grand prize winner was Quebec's *Tarantula*'s infamous *Pulp Fiction*. The same festival launched *Bad Boy*, which

won the International Critics' Prize and went on to become Canadian director Alain Giguère's first North American hit.

This year there are no Canadian movies among the 24 features in official competition at Cannes. With four features in other prestigious festival programs, however, the Canadian presence is unusually strong. The most highly anticipated of them is Lepage's *The Confessionnal*, a psychological drama set against the backdrop of Alvin Hirschbach (living) *I Gotta Go* (1993) in Quebec City. But another Quebec director, Charles Binoué, has won a spot in the Directors' Fortnight for his second feature, *Edouardo*, a Generation X drama. Meanwhile, two films written and directed by Jamaican Canadians, based in Toronto, have found a place in the Riviera: new Clement Virgo's *Radio* (as featured in *Us*) and *Somebody* (one of the prestige programs), and *Small Sacrifices*, by Stephen Williams, opens the International French Critics' Week series.

All four Canadian films are personal works obsessed with identity and loss—stories of characters desperately trying to get back to their roots. And, by bizarre coincidence, three of the four movies tell stories of the Generation X generation with a scene of a drag queen in a racetrack. Most remarkable, however, is that two young Jamaican-Canadians who are close friends can rather simultaneously claim to bring

Virgo, Lince is *Radio* left; the revolutionary thing of a Spike Lee—without the dogma



the first black filmmaker to direct a Canadian feature. Their names figure quite strikingly parallel. Both take place in Toronto public housing projects, tell stories of Jamaican men struggling to protect their integrity from local prejudices, and end with classic reggae ballads of yearning and redemption. Yet Virgo, 28, and Williams, 38, direct in diametrically different styles. *Small Sacrifices* is a straightforward, realistic drama about a young man's frustrated search for a father figure. *Radio* is boldly unconventional, a surreal mosaic of three separate tales set against an Easter weekend.

Almost certain to make a splash in Cannes, *Radio* is one of the most provocative Canadian films ever made. Its thoroughly narrative includes an actor who tries to escape a drug-dealing past to tell his father as he is a father, a closet homosexual lover who becomes a full-fledged accomplice in a brutal incident of gay bashing, and a window dresser whose boyfriend has left her after she decided to have an abortion. Theoretical blackouts separate the scenes. And running through it all is an auditory monologue by a drag queen (Sharon Stone) at a porno radio station named *Radio* who talks a blue streak about sex, corruption and Armageddon.

Virgo directs with the revolutionary spirit of a Spike Lee without the dogma; his dialogue displays the polished wit of a Quentin Tarantino with something to say. The images, meanwhile, are ripe with sexuality, whether the drag on a knife slugging against her on a bed or a young woman's torso on an artist's neck. "I want the audience to have a visceral reaction to my film," the

director told *Maclean's* last week. "I want to take the audience into a state and seduce them."

The son of a show-designer father and nurse's aide mother, Virgo moved to Canada at age 11 and lived in Toronto's public housing. After graduating from high school, he first applied his eye for color and texture to clothes. He worked as a window dresser and aspired to be a fashion model. But after a few years, he wrote the script for *Radio*, which won him a place at the Canadian Film Centre, the film school founded in Toronto by director Norman Jewison in 1986. He made an award-winning 1990 short called *Save My Last Nerve*. Then, on a budget of \$350,000 in cash largely from government funding agencies and another \$300,000 in deferred fees (payable from any profits), he shot *Radio*, one of three movies made this year under the auspices of a new program at the centre—which has become the first film school in the world to successfully produce its own feature films.

"The threshold budget forced Virgo to be creative. 'You may use a scene in a car and it becomes a scene in a starliner,'" he laughs. "Though the American side for granted we just can't do—we can't shut down the *Gandhi Expressway* just to blow it up." In *Radio*, he demonstrates his linguistic talents, the subtle irony of racism, sexism and homophobia. And he portrays them so gracefully that he worries some people might mistake his use of sex-related scenes as a white person's cult has black underling: "an ugly f—ing song... a cheap... a haircut passed as a black man." Virgo says he just hopes that the audience gets it. "In Cannes," he notes, "the French like to boo films sometimes."

Still, put going there is a dream come true for him and his Williams, another graduate of the Film Centre. Williams says that he is "thrilled that two black films are going to Cannes," but cringes strongly to categorize black filmmakers as if they have their own genre. "We're not 'blacksploitation,'" he says, "and there is no such thing as 'the black experience' except for the media. My movie is a universal story of family, identity and spiritual discovery."

*Small Sacrifices* is torn between compassion and ambivalence, and between two father figures. Tyrone—we're partly played by the director's brother, Peter Williams—quits his job as a hair salon to work for a ruthless Jamaican money lender. And Tyrone's cinema, a *Rodriguez* (cinema) (David Smith), his father dares bravely into debt. Williams drew on his own experience for some elements of the story. The son of a retired doctor and a mother who now works as an Ontario civil servant, he grew up surrounded by political involvement in Kingston, Jamaica. As teenager, he and his brother were sent to school in England. Later, moving to Canada, he obtained a B.A. in English and philosophy at Queen's University, and then—like Tyrone—found himself living in a Toronto housing project and sweeping floors in a hair salon.

Williams, however, escaped the salon by training as a camera assistant and finding work on film sets. After shooting a year at the Film Centre with Virgo and shooting his own award-winning short, *A Question on the Sky*, he left. He filmed *Small Sacrifices* as a \$1.5-million budget. Now, his career as a well-under way. He has been asked to direct stage. *Johnny Cash* is a sequel to the 1973 Jamaican classic, *The Wander Boy*. He is also a natural director of the late reggae star Bob Marley. And the director's big dream is to cast his brother, Peter, who resembles Marley, in the stage's life story. But a first feature, like a first novel, is often a writer's most personal work. Tyrone's father is a *Small Sacrifices*, a retired nurse's assistant who works at Mobilgas, was "the better or far worse, his



Lepage, Giguère and Williams in *The Confessionnal* (right) the quest for the father



ignored by my real father," says Williams, whose parents are separated. "My father's an alcoholic, and it tore my family apart. But in the film, I tried to get beyond it to show that there was a man with ideals and principles who became horribly transformed by an oppressive culture."

A last father also figures strongly in Lepage's movie. The *Crucifixion* is the story of two brothers, played by Lucidien Blais and Patrick Goyette, who reunite at their father's funeral. Goyette's character is adopted, and he is determined to find his biological father. Blanchard traces the mystery of his birth back to 1952, and to a priest having a dramatic confession from a pregnant teenager in a church that has been taken over by a film crew shooting Hachicko's *Crucifixion*. The quest of the father is every Quebec film, "and knows, it is an interview last week. I sort of brought it, but you can't get away from it. It's also the search for identity."

While Lepage was writing the first draft of his script in 1993, his own father was dying of cancer. "Of course, it had a very large influence on the script," he says. "We're always in a kind of liminal situation when a father dies. Family relationships, the role of your other brother

**Reunited** Peter Williams and Tyrone Sanchez Smith (right) end-of-the-millennium assembly in Montreal, and a Toronto man from behind compassion and ambition



to the story—until the camera rolled. For Blais, 45, the technique takes him back to his origins as a documentary maker. More recently, he directed Quebec TV's award-winning film series, *Alors, a personal journey*. Williams' *Crucifixion* is a personal journey. "Coming out of that," Blais says, "I wanted to talk about our period. We live in a world of self-love and deconstruction. While I was in my 30s, we believed in something. Today, the modern draft seems to be gone in a night."

A brother-in-law in Quebec, Blais interviews stories of his young characters' birth in a Montreal summer. The movie bears some resemblance to *Blue*. Again, the mood is not of the immigrant family, with a sense of ironic agency. And at its heart is an immediate desire with a dirty mood. But unlike the salty portwine in *Blue*, the deeper in *Alors* is a political gift, a shock to the soul of Howard Stern. Rather than heartless regime, it's music to the spiritually vacant, go-to-step public of television. And the movie's God's wonderers have no need to get back to. They include a damaged parent-teacher (Pascale Montpetit) who goes to her analysis, a disabled woman (Karine Lévesque) who is silent and unprotected sex in a public workshop with a stranger, and a mother bleeding (Bouchard) who has her cellist boyfriend on a train track in a hospital parking lot.

Blais's resolution may be lost soon—along with the dispossessed characters of *The Crucifixion*, *Blue* and *Soul*—but he briefly finds a home in the Cannes circuit, *Rayon* on the screen. Great attention at the world's largest film festival is best. But as gossip spreads up and down the festival, the mood is not of the festival-goers are still looking for that moment of connection, a surprise that would around the by-the-way movie that is the thing they have seen before. And among this year's misbegotten Canadian offerings, they might just find it. D

## BOOKS

# Domestic tragedies

A Caribbean nanny faces misfortune in Canada

**SLEEP ON, BELOVED**

By Cecil Foster  
Random House, 325 pages, \$27

Since the 1990s, thousands of Caribbean women have come to Canada to work as nannies and housekeepers for affluent families. Many eventually passed landed status—but often at a high price. In his second novel, *Sleep On, Beloved*, Barbadian-born Toronto writer Cecil Foster continues to explore the experience of emigrant parents and their children. The 40-year-old author's evocative first book of fiction, *No More in the Moon* (1992), told the tale of an impoverished Barbadian boy awaiting a letter from his long-absent parents somewhere in England. In his new book, Foster addresses the question of how apparently loving parents can go ahead in the first place, abandoning their children indefinitely.

For 17-year-old Oma Neel, a single mother, domestic work provides the perfect opportunity to escape her class-motivated existence in Jamaica in the 1970s. But an unanticipated Canadian regulation forces Oma to leave her 15-month-old daughter behind with her mother. She leaves Jamaica with the intention of sending for the child once she is settled.

That resolution, however, turns out to be the first in a series of obstacles designed to keep mother and daughter apart for 12 years. Indeed, Oma's experiences—including economic exploitation and heartless treatment by immigration officials—read like a litany of emigration. Foster sometimes deliberately overstates events to emphasize the hurdles Oma faces. Despite such misgivings, the heroine's determination to bring her daughter to Canada wins the reader's sympathy and respect.

Oma's daughter, Suzanne, leaves the mother for fleeing Jamaica and her grandfather for life with an older stranger as an adult friend. Foster expertly recreates the sense of detachment that the child feels after she arrives, and her growing alienation as she passes through her teen years. Suzanne describes the Toronto apartment she must now call home as having "an overpowering quietness." She goes on to remark, "In Jamaica, there was always the sound of a bird in the trees, a cricket in the grass, someone singing loudly and clear, the wind just blowing."



Foster: Loving parents, abandoned children

But it is school, more than anything else, that transforms Suzanne from a compliant youngster into a veritable delinquent. In sensitive teachers and craft students encourage her cultural and racial differences, Suzanne's behavior deteriorates, creating a wall of disengagement between her mother and herself.

*Sleep On, Beloved* unfolds with the inevitability of tragedy. And Foster presents Oma's physical and psychological distance from Jamaica in the last few that necessarily justify her family's decision. But the characters themselves often fail to support that premise. Although Oma stops attending regular church services after she comes to Canada, her actions never actually compromise her spiritual or cultural integrity. And while 12 years of separation should naturally explain the estrangement between Oma and Suzanne, the specific reasons for their initial hostility remain murky. *Sleep On, Beloved* does, however, offer a poignant and disturbing portrait of the heartbreaking impediments that may constrain Caribbean immigrants, barriers that make the dream of a new family life in Canada so difficult to achieve.

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—everything takes on new meaning." Lepage knows if he has an adopted brother and sister. And his father worked as taxi driver in Quebec City during the filming of *Crucifixion*. The *Crucifixion* features a sibling who drives Blanchard around, but his father never had that opportunity, says Lepage. Despite the will of autobiography, the director stresses that his movie is fiction. "It's not really a thriller," he says, "but it's quite Hitchcockian, mysteriously so." The filming was haunted with "twilight-zone coincidences," he adds. One involved shooting a scene in a video club. "The bar owner asked if we wanted to use one of the 'backrooms'." That's what they call the little cubicles where the dancers perform for the customers in private. And they had these little airlocks that resembled the doors of the confessional in the church where we were shooting."

As a stage director, Lepage is known for his visual imagination. "People told me nothing in life would be a natural thing," he says. "Because my plays are structured like films. But I seem to have brought my own style to it. There's a more vertical act. The stage is a vertical place with props in the floor and then above your head. You tell stories in a metaphorical way. Film is more horizontal, the act of peering. You tell stories from left to right. The difference with film is that it has a certain veracity—there are a lot of metaphors,

# Criminal negligence

Charles Ssenyonga infected 10 women with AIDS

TRIAL WITHOUT END

By Jane Calwood  
(Nisqopi, 401 pages, \$29.95)

In the fall of 1980, a woman in her mid-20s went to a Toronto clinic and asked to be tested for exposure to HIV, the virus that is believed to cause AIDS. The clinic worker told her she had nothing to worry about. North American heterosexual women simply were not a real risk group. But it turned out that the woman had, in fact, been infected with HIV—and, because she knew so little about it, she thought that she had only weeks to live. Not only was she one of the first Canadian women diagnosed with the virus, she was also one of several women to be infected by the same man in her later-in-life book, *Trail Without End*, Toronto journalist Jane Calwood delivers the shocking tale of Charles Ssenyonga, a well-educated and charming Ugandan living in London. One, who knowingly spread the AIDS virus. And the book chronicles the legal proceedings



Ssenyonga, 'inspector, filled the room'

against Ssenyonga, one of the first people in Canada to face AIDS-related charges.

Ssenyonga had a kind of magnetic appeal that was over almost all who met him. A one-time law student at the Makerere University in Kampala, Uganda, Ssenyonga was, writes Calwood, "among the cream" of young people in his East African country, a "big man on campus" at domestic student politics. Two years after the army under Milton Obote took control of Uganda in 1980, Ssenyonga fled to Canada, where—despite a political science degree from McMaster University in Hamilton, he became a shopkeeper in London.

Calwood first learned of Ssenyonga through her family doctor, Cheryl Wagner, who happened to be treating some of his victims. Wagner had discovered that a lot of her patients had contracted the virus from the same man, and the complaint to health authorities, who in turn advised Ssenyonga not to have unprotected sex. But he ignored the warnings, and infected another woman. The London health officer then laid a restraining order on him, compelling him not to have sex. Again he ignored it. And again he infected another woman. In early 1983, after Ssenyonga had been arrested, Calwood—already famous for her editorial in *AIDS*—decided that a book about the case might help raise awareness of the disease.

One of the most chilling incidents involved "Frances Dallas" (the woman's real name

was protected by a court order), a social worker in her early 30s who had met Ssenyonga at a music festival in Toronto. By the time Ssenyonga had known for months that he was HIV-positive and had already knowingly infected two other women, it took Dallas only a few evenings to feel completely embroiled with him. "He was extremely charming, outgoing, but to be with," Dallas later testified, "he conveyed a sense of trust. He said that I could trust him." During sex, Ssenyonga agreed to wear a condom, but at the hot moment pulled it off.

Soon after, Dallas was struck by what she, like all of the other women Ssenyonga infected, at first thought was a severe case of flu. Her condition mystified her doctor. One month later, with her health still poor, she had a blood test that confirmed that she had been exposed to HIV. Wagner told Calwood: "What is fascinating and enlightening about Ssenyonga is that he managed to infect every woman with whom he had unprotected sex. Every one of them, including a woman who slept with him only once. Either his virus was shedding, multiplying like crazy, or his strains of the virus was especially contagious."

But charges Ssenyonga presented a problem: There was not, not in three years, any law in Canada to prevent one person from knowingly infecting another. After much consideration, prosecutors decided that Ssenyonga must be charged with

three counts of aggravated sexual assault—on which he was later acquitted—and three charges of criminal negligence causing bodily harm. By the time he went to trial in April 1983, Ssenyonga had infected at least 10 women. Of them, five would tragically apostatize.

The first time Ssenyonga took the stand,



**Callwood delivers a chilling cautionary tale about the realities of AIDS**

It was apparent to many spectators in the courtroom why people found him to be so compelling. "Projecting a magnetism that filled the room, he was eloquent, graceful and passionate," writes Calwood, who sat in on the trial. "His listeners in a room provided only with whites, as it had been almost every day of the trial, explained his exotic isolation."

By the end of his fifth day of testimony, however, Ssenyonga did not appear quite so charming. At one point, Crown attorney

Beace Long asked Ssenyonga if he ever thought about the feelings of two of the women whom he had infected? "Not really," Ssenyonga replied, "because it would be thinking of death." "Your death?" "Yes."

On July 20, 1983, 13 days after lawyers from both sides had presented their closing arguments, Ssenyonga died, at 36, of AIDS-related causes in hospital. His death not only frustrated police and the prosecution, who had hoped for a precedent-setting ruling on the case, but it also prevented his victims from knowing him to justice. "My life is destroyed," said one of the women. "Ssenyonga has sentenced me to death, and he enjoyed himself while he did it." Since then, two of the infected women have died and two others are extremely ill.

Calwood's prose is straightforward, as if the author recognized that the tragedy inflicted on the young women merited no embellishment. Even the book's most technical medical and legal passages became part of the narrative mosaic, to lawyers and public-health officials struggle to find a way to convict Ssenyonga.

*Trail Without End* is a chilling cautionary tale that drives home the reality that AIDS does not discriminate by race, color, gender or sexual proclivity. And it is a wake-up call to those who mistakenly consider themselves immune.

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Cincinnati, OH			
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Ford Senior Players Champ.	July 16	3:30	
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Ameritech Senior Open	July 30	4:00	
Southbridge, IL			
Buck Open	Aug. 6	4:00	
Grand Rapids, MI			
PGA Championship	Aug. 13	2:30	
Florida Parkland, TX			
Sho Sports International	Aug. 20	2:30	
Castle Rock, CO			
NBC World Series of Golf	Aug. 27	4:00	
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Ryder Cup (Saturday AM)	Sep. 21	8:00	
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Ryder Cup (Sunday AM)	Sep. 24	9:00	
Richmond, KY			



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## SHOW BUSINESS

# The demonic comic

## Going in new directions after *Kids in the Hall*

His face may be cherubic, but there is a slightly demonic glint in his deep brown eyes. After strutting his black standard poodle, Kelsey, Bruce McCulloch, looking clean-cut in blue jeans and a red wool cardigan, adorns a yowler into his downtown Toronto office. "It's sort of weird," the eldest brother of *Kids in the Hall* (jane says with a shrug). "When people find out you have an office, it disappoints them somehow." At first glance, the incoherent comic's work ethic, where he arrives each morning between 9 and 9:30, resembles any other. But like McCulloch himself, it contains bizarre twists. The titles of skills in progress written on index cards and posted to a cardboard divider "Nancy Sinatra 'Valerie' and something called 'Christ of the Oceans.'" Above a throatless sofa hangs a bargain basement tapestry of dogs playing pool. Nearby, McCulloch's desk is looking awfully cluttered. "I'm what I call a work up," he continues.

After a five-season run on the CBC, *The Kids in the Hall*—which also aired on CBS and cable's Comedy Central in the United States—ended production in January. Since then, cast members McCulloch, Scott Thompson, Dave Foley, Mark McKinney and Kevin McDonald have pursued solo careers—although they have not officially broken up as a troupe. McDonald has gone on to move in the yet-to-be-released movie *National Lampoon's Senior Trip*. Thompson, Foley and McKinney each scored legitimate TV gigs. McKinney is a cast member on *Saturday Night Live*, Foley on the sitcom *Nineties* with SNL alumna Phil Hartman, and Thompson as the critically acclaimed *Larry Sanders* show.

McCulloch, meanwhile, has chosen a slightly less high profile path. For the past few months, the boyish 35-year-old comic, who says he thinks of himself "first and foremost" as a writer, has been juggling a number of creative projects. The Edmonton-born, Calgary-based, McCulloch—best known for *Kids in the Hall*—has designed delivery of some of the show's darkest twists—also directed four 15-min short films for SNL. One, called *Class*, features members of a petty suburban family



McCulloch: not for the faint of heart or easily offended

who began their day with a parapet from a house (dramatic). He is now writing on another independent movie, *Dogs Play Post*, along with longtime friend and former *Kids in the Hall* member and writer Gerry Goyette. And, with the backing of Lorne Michaels, SNL creator and executive producer, McCulloch and the other *Kids* have been "frantically writing" a long-awaited feature movie, which will begin shooting in Toronto at the end of June—and is scheduled to be released early next year. "I guess you could call it a second renaissance," says McCulloch. "It's about a fictitious drug that moves through society—a good drug."

But there is more. Last week, McCulloch was busy putting the finishing touches on a

Music/Music special, called *Inner McColloch: 20 Years on Silver Screen*, which is scheduled to air on May 25. "It is a retrospective of my career and its different phases," he says, sitting in a chair. "You know, my club phase, my funk phase, that sort of thing." And just recently, he released a hysterically funny CD, *Shame-based music* (Warner), which combines comedy and music in innovative ways. The album is a bit of a departure for McCulloch. "I am not a musician," he says. "I have a boss and a guitar but I don't play them. They're better people than I am. Some of the others of *Kids*—they make me seem cool."

Fans will recognize a couple of McCulloch's numbers (*Queen I Know* and *That's America*) from the *Kids in the Hall* TV show. The other selections are a strange mixture of modern soul, funk, soul and double-edged lyrics set to wildly divergent musical styles: country, jazz, blues and rock 'n' roll. But all the pieces are on the darker side of human existence like a hell-seeking tribute.

A collaboration with former *Blues Brothers* keyboardist Rick Wakeman and fellow Canadian Brian Connelly, lead guitarist from *Shadowfax* Mike on a *Shadowfax* album—which played the musical introduction to *The Kids in the Hall*—the CD is not for the faint of heart or easily offended, albeit it was conceived on the muted and the prelude, the dyadical and the perverse. And for connoisseurs of black humor, those contradictions of the politically correct, it offers a true treat. One of the pieces features a studio making small talk with his victims. Another says if there is a "drunk dad" story that "ignites it, takes the TV changer from his hand, lifts his head off his chest so his neck won't be seen tomorrow" and "pays for that Chinese food." McCulloch says that his own father, a retired furniture salesman divorced from his mother, has been a member of Alcoholics Anonymous for about 25 years.

"There are a lot of lovely people (as evidenced on this record)," says McCulloch. "It was trying to do a little, and I remembered this guy saying that everything he had done in the last five years was based only on guilt and shame." Does McCulloch experience those emotions? "Of course I do," he says matter-of-factly. "I think that every bad and good thing that you have ever done is still inside of you."

McCulloch is surprised that people find his work demeaned. "I guess it is," he says. "But my stuff—and it's the same with all the troupe's stuff—it always seems so normal to me, some of a once upon a time." Hardly. Unlike many comedy recordings, which often use a lot of longer funny, shame-based music, like a good therapist, requires more than one talk.

SCOTT STREIB

MAGNET/NOV 22, 1993 103

## BOOKS

# Musical and narrative chaos

*A novel that never finds its key*

THE UNCONSOLED

By Kazuo Ishiguro  
(Knopf, \$26, pages 302)

**T**he decadence of jazz, the immorality of rock 'n' roll, white-hot punk, the anger of "garage" rap, ensouled grace. Most kinds of popular music—and even some high-culture styles—have been seen as reflections of society's supposed decline. In *The Unconsoled*, British novelist Kazuo Ishiguro reaches back to the early part of the century and the atonal music pioneered by Austrian composer Arnold Schoenberg for a metaphor to evaluate the chaos of contemporary life. As one character mumbles, "senses and eyes seep sounds like 'crashing noise, a whirl of strange rhythms' which, in turn, sounds like the disconcertance of society."

It is a clever idea, that music, no matter how unattractive, represents a search for meaning in a confusing, confusing world; that the obsession of the characters in *The Unconsoled* with interpreting 20th-century repertoire parallels our culture's loss of direction. But Ishiguro, best known for his Booker Award-winning novel *The Remains of the Day* (1989), later adapted as a film, has written a book so plotless, so oblique, so difficult to read that the idea is lost in maddening confusion after maddening confusion.

Ryder, the narrator, is "not only the world's finest living pianist, but perhaps the very greatest of the century." In the middle of an international tour, he checks into a hotel in an unnamed Central European city where he is to perform in a few days. A perfect missed train



Ishiguro maddeningly digresses after maddeningly digressing

shows the pianist to his room, and it occurs to Ryder that "for all his professionalism... [Gastor] was worrying once more about his daughter and her little boy."

Ryder is more than acquainted with Gastor; he knows Gastor's daughter and her son, and may even be their husband and father. He cannot quite recall. It is Ryder's forgetfulness—not quite amnesia, but more than absentmindedness—that forms the heart of the story. As he roams the Kafkaesque streets and hallways of the provincial city, Ryder is haunted by the queasy feeling that he's both a local and a stranger: a native and a foreigner.

In his wanderings, Ryder is accosted by Christoff, a formerly prominent musician in the city. Christoff has a systematic approach to music, "a way of discovering meaning and value." Ishiguro never

indicates what that system is, but does say that it has been discredited. Christoff warns Ryder to take up his cause, but the local courtiers has already decreed that the musical interpretations of an obscure conductor named Leo Brudsky is the way of the future. Brudsky lives in a shack on the edge of the city and in the town drunk, a desecrating alcoholic who stands outside his former wife's house and shouts abuse. When the town elders heard Brudsky's music, however, they realized they were "listening to true music again. The work of a conductor not only inaccurately gifted, but who shared our values." Again, Ishiguro does not explain what it is about Brudsky's approach to music that has excited people.

Getting Brudsky alone and sober so that he can perform on the stage is all as Ryder is what unites the people of the town. Brudsky, for his part, simply wants to be reconciled with his wife. And Ryder, the septuagenarian, is expected to give a speech that the insecure provincialists hope will guide them in their understanding of modern music and tell them their values are good, but there is hope in the hopelessness. But as Ryder becomes increasingly exhausted and irritable at the demands placed on him by the city's sycophants, so does the reader at the chess game Ishiguro is desperately playing.

The frustration with *The Unconsoled* is that every time the story threatens to advance, Ishiguro reverts off its author's subjective Ryder, for example, poses for a newspaper photograph in front of the Satter Monument. Just as the reader is about to be told of the monument's significance, Ryder is tapped away by the desperate Christoff for pages later. Ishiguro writes that Ryder's "inlet and his involvement with about the Satter caused a sensation in the city. What Ryder said and what the Satter is supposed to symbolize remain mysterious. This, despite the fact that they are central to the controversy angling the city."

In his earlier novels, Ishiguro used an elliptical style of storytelling to great effect. In the masterpiece *An Artist of the Floating World* (1986), he gradually revealed a Japanese who is internally aloof and calculating and subtly raised profound questions about the relationship of art to politics, belief to action. And in *The Remains of the Day*, the restrained voice of the butler, Stevens, betrayed the darkness at the soul of Britain's unexamined aristocracy.

Ishiguro is a stylist like no other, a writer who knows that the truth is often complex. But it is no accident that *The Unconsoled* is more than twice the length of his previous works. When, after 323 boring pages, Ryder says, "Perhaps I should try and say something" to the people of the city about redemption and Brudsky and music, it is painful almost he has nothing to say. And, disappearing, is the problem with *The Unconsoled*.

GUY LAWSON

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### REALITY

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# Winnipeg: a city of survivors

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Everyone worries about Winnipeg. The hockey club is supposedly going, going, gone. The winter lasts forever. The town is dying. The Cows have been killed. The newspapers. The place is so conservative it has just voted conservative again. Oh dear.

If the truth be known, Winnipeg is the most stable city in Canada. It's stable because nothing ever happens there. Not for The Peg the wild flowers and dinosaur bands of Calgary, politicians flying to Havana on their private jets one year and then selling the car the next.

Not for The Peg the fiery atmosphere of Edmonton, which once thought it was going to be such a surging metropolis that it built an international airport so far out it says that you can't afford a hotel room after you've paid for the fare.

When the Oilers were winning all those Stanley Cups and the Eskimos were winning all the Grey Cups, the city erected large signs on the outskirts: Edmonton, The City of Champions. Winnipeg is The City of Survivors. It can't be crushed if it has a hockey team, but it has no abilities of becoming something other than Winnipeg. All youthful dreams died long ago.

The city where the Red joins the Assiniboine exists on good fortune, the famous bull's-eye design, for coins and concrete circles of people who know they're all going to be around for the same parties a decade hence. There is no urgency. Time creeps at a steady gait in Winnipeg.

One of the reasons for the serenity is that the city is not in conflict with other regions. It is not really a card-carrying member of the Prairie, Saskatchewan and Alberta, carrying the ball there. Winnipeg, as much colder and more settled, has one foot in Central Canada.

This was proven when the CFL, which doesn't know what it is doing these days, as the death of the Montreal Alouettes moved the Blue Bombers into the eastern division, supposedly across with Hamilton and Ottawa and Toronto. Winnipeg did not blink. Life goes on. Any city that can stand these mas-



Winnipeg can cope with anything.

Where the Red joins the Assiniboine North, the railway and grain centre for the nation that the 20th century was supposed to belong to. It was the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Co., the oldest incorporated company in the world. The most influential newspaper editor in Canada was John H. Dufresne, advising and admonishing Ottawa from his desk at the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

His correspondents in Ottawa, Isaac Buchanan and Grant Denner, were closer than glue to the Liberal governing party, Buchanan even writing speeches for prime ministers, and that's why the Crow lasted so long as it did.

The reason for the quiet town's cultural maturity is its early run of the Ukrainian, the Jews and the Icelanders and it goes on. We'll have to include them—the Ukrainians, the Richardsons and the Redfingers and down to the east.

An hour north on Lake Winnipeg is Gresham, where every single person is a descendant of the Icelandic who came in 1875 in search of fish and starved to death in great numbers. Despite that, the survivors have grown to enormous heights.

I know of one family, two lucky young men and four beautiful daughters, most of whom tower over five feet six inches. The youngest of the brood, a champion speed skater before she took up poetry, is known as Baby Skaterhagen. You got the picture.

Winnipeg has turned out Larry Zoff, the first unconsolidable starstruck ever wooed by the CFL. At summer camp his counselor was one Alvin Gofsky, later Ambassador to Washington who—Zoff claims—sat up at a tree reading Schopenhauer while children drowned all around him.

There was also Duke Pratt, who was bigger than Eric Lindros and with a making debutant before Bobby Orr was born and, leading the New York Rangers to a Stanley Cup, attributed it to "some hungry rookies and a lot of hungry veterans."

Next to executive Jack Polanski's Mitchell shop, James Coyne, Trent Forner and Scott Young, whose son Neil has apparently announced is something south of the border.

Several years ago in the town that winter never let goes, I saw an exquisite and hilarious play involving four women who had been playing bridge once a week through their courtship days, their third and third marriage days, on to their grand-mother days. Only last week do I discover it was written by Carol Shields, the American-Canadian who has just won the Pulitzer Prize and has spent her career adult

life in Canada and The Peg with her University of Manitoba professor husband.

On a so typical of Canadian characters that newspapers have never mentioned that she was actually an ex-nervous and balded old woman. It was so typical of American character that papers there never even mentioned that she happened to live in Canada.

That's OK. That's Winnipeg. No man, no fuss. As a nobody-nerd who craves in between the ironic, venerable Americanism of Toronto and the very much back-lash back-lash lifestyle of Vancouver, Winnipeg is an oasis of calm.

And nobody there gonna get their heads in a twist. You got the winter, you got the mosquitoes. After that, Quebec so no way is gonna bother you in an unhelpable.

There is a reason for this. It is indeed the centre of the country. Don't worry about Winnipeg.

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